ART, DEATH AND TAXES ROY BONGART

THE
NATION

JUNE 28, 1975 50 cents

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Edward Lamb

Raymond Williams
BRITAIN NEEDS A NEW LEFT

The Impossible Society

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LETTERS

Nation and cello

Rochester, N.Y.
I have been a loyal admirer of *The Nation* since my freshman year. I have been retired since the death of my wife (I am 82 years old). . . . If I am around next year I will make every effort to renew. I read *The Nation* always and play the cello every day. I hope to have these two to my last. *H.A. Golub*

image victory

Los Angeles, Calif.
Being, by nature, a distrusting soul, I keep hearing a little voice repeating . . . "Tonkin Gulf." Our recent mini-war off the coast of Tang Island not only made the seas safe for peaceful navigation but the Republican Presidential nomination safe for Gerald Ford. Not only were three Cambodian Navy craft sunk but also Ronald Reagan's chances in 1976. The incident not only brought back prestige to the U.S. military but also brought back his right-wing constituency to Mr. Ford. Image-wise, it was a great victory. . . . *Hickok M. Moon*

Nat Turner

New York City
Prof. Stephen B. Oates has discovered ["Styron & the Blacks," *The Nation*, May 31] that Styron's novel on Nat Turner is false to history and that when he says so he is subjected to fierce attacks by the novelist and his supporters.

He failed to note that the undersigned published a critical review of Styron's novel, showing its falsification of history, in *The Nation*, October 16, 1967; he, or the editors, might well have noted that Oates's discovery came eight years later. In addition, Oates caricatures the contents of the book, *Ten Black Writers Respond*, edited by John Henrik Clarke; he might also have called attention to the splendid collection of source material, done by Henry Irving Tragle, *The Southampton Slave Revolt of 1831*, published by the University of Massachusetts Press (1971), which also demonstrates, quite conclusively, the distortions and falsifications in Styron's Pulitzer Prize-winning book. *Herbert Aptheker*

I wish to commend Stephen B. Oates for his effort to bring a little light and reason to the Styron-Nat Turner controversy. I am bound to point out, however, that his even-handedness is a bit excessive. The issues were, after all, raised by Styron and a white establishment. John Henrik Clarke and his black collaborators were, in fact, responding to a provocation, not throwing down a gauntlet. The greater danger in the use of historical figures for modern purposes lies in their being wantonly deformed rather than carelessly idealized, particularly in the case of a black American at the juncture at which Styron chose to lay hands upon Nat Turner.

I should also note that André Schwarz-Bart, who is commended for his sensibility in dealing with Martinican black folk, has as his close literary collaborator his wife, a Martinican of African descent. *Richard A. Long*
Center for African and African-American Studies
Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.

guilt and sorrow

Wallis, Wis.
I am tired of reading about "our" guilt over Vietnam. The common people of this country feel more sorrow than guilt: sorrow for the futile deaths and maimings, and for the waste of billions of dollars. It's the politicians and the military branch who feel guilty over getting us into this mess. They're worried about their political future and their historical image. . . . *Edith Nelson*

EDITORIALS

The Seamy Side

The latest stories of slush funds and overseas bribes and payoffs—$450,000 to two Saudi Arabian generals by Northrop, payments to a French general—merely confirm the impression previously conveyed of the prevalence of high-level corruption in large American corporations operating overseas. As these disclosures continue—and they will—we are getting a bird's eye view of the seamy side of business, and some curious issues arise.

Most of the information to date has come not as a result of Congressional inquiries, or investigations by the Department of Justice or the Internal Revenue Service, but from the Securities and Exchange Commission which has a limited range of interest in such matters. What concerns the SEC is the honesty of the audits and reports; it wants to protect shareholders and the public. But its writ does not extend very far; it can force disclosures, as it has been doing—and that is important—but larger issues remain. For one thing, it is not likely that all shareholders will object to the payment of bribes—not, that is, if as a result the company gets a profitable contract. Nor is it clear that civil suits to recover funds paid illegally will, in all cases, be successful, or that they will even be filed. Nor can one be sure that shaking up the boards of the corporations involved would help much, since many matters that should come to the attention of boards of directors never reach that high in the corporate hierarchy. Major responsibility rests with the independent auditors, who have the best chance of "blowing the whistle," but they can lose accounts by demonstrating their independence and integrity. And the best of auditors cannot always spot a payoff or bribe; there are countless ways to cover up such payments. So a rationale develops—one can catch echoes of it in the business press now—that such bribes are endemic to doing business overseas, that "everyone does it," and so what?

Several objections can be raised to this type of thinking and reacting. When an American corporation pays off officials overseas it may well be imposing an excessively expensive or inefficient purchase on the citizens of another country. To put it another way, it may be that the payoff is robbing the citizens of the other country of their tax funds. It is also possible that some payments have been manipulated for U.S. tax purposes in a way that imposes an added burden on the innocents who pay most of the taxes in this country. But something of still greater importance is involved. These bribes and payoffs, and the way in which they have been concealed, suggest that the corporations involved have far too much power to be permitted to function as they are now functioning. As Abraham Briloff, the brilliant American critic of accounting and auditing practices, has pointed out, modifying Lord Acton's maxim, insidious power corrupts insidiously; that is the basic issue involved in the corporate payoffs. The executives of these corporations are being corrupted insidiously by insidious methods, but once corrupted, what might they not decide to do if they thought it was in "the company's" best interest? Most of these executives are ethical men (if they were

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not the problem would be less serious). But they are men operating in response to the "ethic" of large-scale corporate enterprise as it has evolved over the past one or two decades. They feel that in its name they must do whatever needs to be done to assure profits for the corporation. In many respects they are not unlike the officials of the East India Company or the Hudson Bay Company, the great trading corporations of another day that functioned as semi-sovereign entities. So the issue cuts much deeper than the business community seems to recognize or than Congressional and other critics have sensed. It concerns a conflict of ethics which reflects a conflict of purpose, of goals, and this conflict comes down to a question of power.

Insidious power insidiously exercised in large corporate enterprises can and will continue to corrupt governments, including our own. Rapping corporate executives on the wrist will not suffice, nor will lectures by Congressional critics nor legislation of the kind Senator Percy has proposed (making it illegal to pay overseas bribes). It is inconceivable that Pentagon and State Department officials had no inkling that bribes were being paid; indeed there are clear inferences that certain corporations were encouraged to pay the bribe to get the business—for "strategic" and other reasons. But if the government officials knew, or should have known, what was going on—or were charged with notice—then the "seamy side" of business has become the seamy side of government. What is most troubling about the entire situation is the superficial way in which it has been dealt with and the failure to perceive how broad and how deep is the taint of corruption.

'Drain America First'

During the debate on the energy measure proposed by the Ways and Means Committee—and defeated by a margin of 5 to 1—it became clear that most Congressmen oppose increases in the price of gasoline. "Back home" such proposals are extremely unpopular; the debate left no doubt that there is little sentiment for a stiff tax on gasoline. That prompted Rep. Charles Vanik (D., Ohio), to observe: "There are times when you have problems with a democracy." Quite true, but, in this instance, where does primary responsibility rest? Is it to be attributed to inherent weaknesses in democratic theory and practice or does it rest elsewhere?

Though Representatives can misread "back home" sentiment on a particular issue, in this instance they have probably read it correctly. But how has the issue been presented to their constituents? How have they been made to see it? They were frightened out of their wits by media coverage of "the Arab embargo" and its implications. Then the embargo was lifted and, as anyone could observe, the country seemed to be awash with oil, so the crisis appeared to have ended. More, the way it had been presented to the public justified an inference in retrospect that the talk about an energy crisis, which had preceded "the Arab embargo," was in part phony. Representative Vanik concedes the point: "As long as so many people have so much difficulty seeing exactly what the problem is, it is hard to expect that there can be any easy agreement on

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policy solutions." The more so since dependence on the automobile, notably in rural areas, has increased to the point where it cannot be readily curtailed. So the public misjudgment cannot, or should not, be chalked up as a failure of democracy. Rather it should be recognized as a significant failure by the media and by the agencies of government and representatives of the people to provide them with an accurate statement of the facts.

But there is another reason for the public's confusion about the situation. It has observed—it could scarcely fail to observe—that major oil companies have been raking in money as they have never done before. And the people also know that the President's proposals will make it possible for these companies to increase their earnings still further, while depleting an irreplaceable national resource. They know something else: that it is almost impossible, as Mr. Vanik points out, to "tax the oil industry. It is the most elusive industry in our country. They have every imaginable way of avoiding taxation. I think the way to solve the problem is to prevent the windfall profits from occurring in the first place. . ." and that is why Mr. Vanik feels that we should not decontrol "old oil" suddenly in the manner in which the President suggests but should proceed to do so in phases.

Several conclusions, therefore, seem justified. The public's misapprehension of the facts must be corrected. As Mr. Vanik points out: "The oil industry has literally sucked America dry with their short-sighted, greedy exploitation of our domestic petroleum resources. . . .It appears that we have already passed our peak of oil production capacity. All that we can realistically hope for is to slow the rate of production decline in the years ahead." The immediate problem, as he suggests, is not " 'How can we increase production?' but rather, 'What can we do to reduce consumption?' " Conservation measures are needed, along with adequate funds for, and intelligent direction of, research and development programs designed to bring forth new energy sources. And there is a further fact that can no longer be blinked: The major oil companies have too much power; their possession of this power is responsible for the apparent malfunctioning of democracy. In practice, they set policy and they set it in their interests. Nationalization of these companies would not in itself solve the problem. The units of operation need to be broken up; they are much too large and powerful. What is wanted are companies of a size that would make possible close and continuous scrutiny of their operations. At a minimum, we must be able to tax them. Meanwhile, any judgments about "democracy" should be held in abeyance. It is the undemocratic concentration of corporate power that creates the problem, not the momentary failure of the people to perceive facts that are obscured by faulty and misleading information.

Litton: Incompetent As Ever

Distracted by more interesting and important events (e.g., Watergate, the end of the Indochina civil war), the public spotlight has failed to focus on Litton Industries' scandalous misdeeds on its shipbuilding contracts since last examined in this space (see Aspin: "The Case Against Roy Ash," February 26, 1973). In the past two years Litton has:

— Suffered a $1 billion cost overrun on its thirty-ship DD-963 destroyer contract and has sought to double the price (from $153.4 million to $336 million) for each one of its five LHA (Landing Helicopter Assault ships), which are similar in size to World War II aircraft carriers.

— Run up delays on the five-ship LHA program to more than four years and is now forecasting a nearly two-year delay on the delivery of its thirty destroyers.

— Engaged in a comic opera attempt to launch the first of its destroyers, which resulted in sinking the launch platform, and seriously damaging the ship.

— Illegally evaded a contractual requirement to provide the Navy with guaranteed delivery dates on its destroyers, thus saving itself about $6 million in damages normally assessed for late delivery.

In a saner world, the Congress and the Navy would have let Litton suffer several hundred million dollars in losses on its shipbuilding programs and forced it into bankruptcy leading to reorganization. But, in the era of the corporate welfare state, the question has become not whether to bail out Litton Industries, but how generous the bailout should be.

At the moment, the Navy and Litton are dickering over a $500 million increase of the LHA contract. Theoretically, the Navy and Litton are engaged in "negotiations," but to reassure Litton of its compassion, the Navy quietly tucked $100.9 million into this year's proposed Pentagon budget as a down payment on the bailout. Needless to say, the Navy did its negotiating position no good; on the contrary, it encouraged the conglomerate to press for the full $500 million.

Litton's performance on its Navy contracts has become so scandalous that construction on ships scheduled for delivery as early as 1973 has ground to a halt. According to some unconfirmed reports (currently under investigation), steel purchased by Litton (and paid for by the taxpayers) for use as armor plates on the ships is so old and rusted that it is now useless.

To top it all, the General Accounting Office recently reported that, in order to save money and time, the Navy is failing to install vitally needed electronic and sonar equipment on the thirty destroyers. The GAO believes that the lack of these systems "will degrade the ship's mission capability." In other words, these new destroyers are not as capable as originally planned. They are, in fact, inferior to the ships that the Navy promised Congress. The Congressional investigators also estimate that taxpayers will need to shell out an additional $1.5 billion to arm the destroyers with the missiles needed to ward off aircraft attacks.

As if to add insult to injury, Litton has agreed to sell the Shah of Iran a vastly more capable version of the new destroyer at an undisclosed cost. The Shah will receive a ship equipped with all the missiles and electronic systems the GAO believes the destroyer needs.

What are the chances of injecting some sanity into the seemingly unending horror story of cost overruns, delays, bailouts and lousy ships? Frankly, neither the Congress nor the Navy seems to have the stomach for really grappling with the problem. The Navy desperately wants the ships delivered and Congress lacks the will to discipline

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one of the nation's better-known conglomerates. Generalized stopgap measures have been adopted instead. The House Armed Services Committee is developing a series of proposals that would require Congress to approve a five-year shipbuilding program in order to guarantee that shipbuilders have sufficient notice to gear up for the project. This lead time, it is hoped, will cut costs and avoid the so-called "start-up" problems faced by Litton, which is operating an entirely new shipyard and employing an unorthodox construction method.

But the problem will not be solved until some incentives are injected into the shipbuilding procurement system to increase efficiency and promote both corporate and military managerial responsibility. In the present-day Navy an officer who makes an "operational" mistake—running a ship aground—faces a dismal future and limited prospects of promotion. On the other hand, a procurement project manager who is an obvious failure as a manager still has an excellent chance of promotion. (In fact, in its usual upside-down manner, the Navy has just promoted a former LHA project manager from Captain to Admiral.) The incentives are obviously working in the wrong direction.

If Navy officers knew that their promotions depended on a well-run, on-time and reasonably priced ship program, things would begin to change very quickly. If Litton knew that it faced bankruptcy and reorganization for botching the job, a powerful incentive to manage efficiently and effectively would be injected into its procedures. Until the incentives work toward lower costs and corporate efficiency, and until the consequences of failure are catastrophic to the military and corporations, American taxpayers can expect more bailouts and an economy gradually crippled by Pentagon-fostered inefficiency and a general lack of productivity.

Rep. Les Aspin (D., Wis.)

'The Empty Pork Barrel'

"Keynes provided a technique for priming the economic pump, but no means of purifying the water," Paul Conkin wrote in his monograph, *The New Deal*. A growing area of critical economic thought, perhaps most visibly put forward lately by Seymour Melman, informs us that the brand of the pump has everything to do with the quantity, as well as the quality, of its water—that government spending on military-related matters not only disturbs foreign relations and not only channels resources away from domestic social needs but also is a relatively inefficient way to support American capitalism.

That military spending cannot interrupt the tortuous course of the business cycle should have been proved by the current depression (although an argument can be made that military pump priming has been of some help). For those who need further convincing that what is good for the military-industrial complex is not an unmixed blessing for the American economy, the Michigan Public Interest Research Group has provided a state-by-state statistical analysis of the effects of military spending in the years 1968 to 1972. Military expenditures create fewer jobs than almost any other kind (except perhaps space-related largesse), and the Nader-inspired group concludes—with pages of data for evidence—that 844,000 jobs were lost during that period because the government chose to spend an average of $80 billion a year on the military rather than in other ways (including lower taxes). Hardest hit, according to the analysis, was New York State, which lost 426,000 jobs—more than the average number of unemployed recorded in the state during the period. "The industrial belt of the United States suffers the worst," according to the report; the South and the West did generally better. In all, 60 per cent of the country's citizens live in states that suffered a net loss of jobs.

The Michigan group calls its report "The Empty Pork Barrel: Unemployment and the Pentagon Budget," and recommends a cut of $20 billion in the military budget, "allowing 212,000 people nationwide to have jobs again." It also urges that Congress investigate the nationwide unemployment caused by high military spending and pass legislation to ease the considerable transition problems that would accompany military cuts. One does not have to endorse all the report's analyses or methods to see the value of the research presented.

Despite its deleterious effects on the job market, and its long-range inefficient deployment of national capital, the swollen Pentagon budget does provide the large contracts vital to the profitable survival of America's corporate giants as now organized, and it buttresses a counterrevolutionary foreign policy that at least most of the corporate elite seem to support out of self-interest. An attack on the military budget is consequently an attack on the continued lavish prosperity of that elite. Inasmuch as the military budget hurts the majority of Americans, exposing as myth one of the supposed beneficial side effects of that budget is a sign of healthy, democratic stirrings.

For much too long criticism of "Pentagon Capitalism" has come from experts and those who, like Seymour Melman, have sought to focus attention on the economic consequences of continued heavy military spending. So it is a welcome sign that action-oriented groups such as Michigan's PIRG have now begun to spell out the implications of ever-increasing military spending in terms that consumers and citizens can understand—namely, its effect on the American economy, and more particularly on the job market.

Chicago Spies

Domestic spying on law-abiding citizens has never, of course, been conducted only by the CIA and FBI. Some local police, as reports from Chicago and New York reveal, have also been enamored of massive filing systems. But, as Rep. Ralph Metcalfe (D., Ill.) has discovered, local surveillance that is federally backed is particularly dangerous because its funding and uses can easily be hidden from public view.

After reading news accounts of Chicago police surveillance and dossiers concerning area residents who had never been subject to criminal investigations (including President Theodore Hesburgh of Notre Dame and Metcalfe himself), the Congressman asked the U.S. General Accounting Office to find out if federal funds had

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supported the domestic spying—whose targets, in many cases, were political opponents of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley. The GAO reported that between 5 per cent and 8 per cent of the city's $10 million police intelligence budget during 1972-74 was paid for with federal revenue sharing funds.

"We know that the police maintained. . .files on innocent citizens whose only crime was the exercise of their Constitutional right to dissent," Metcalfe says. "We need to find out if any of these federal funds were spent on these actual investigations." Lacking subpoena power, the GAO was unable to track down just where the money went. Metcalfe has asked the chairmen of the House Judiciary and House Ways and Means Committees to look into the matter.

As the GAO told Metcalfe, "Local governments may use revenue sharing funds only for priority expenditures." Considering the chronic wretchedness many Chicagoans are forced to endure from lack of needed city services, political spying hardly rates top priority under any rational scheme. Although Richard Nixon and Richard Daley once claimed to be political opponents, their use of taxpayers' money to support selfish political spying suggests that there is little difference in their perceptions of social priorities and Constitutional guarantees. Metcalfe says, "It is time that this Administration began to care for its citizens rather than to treat them as enemies." He was talking about Chicago's City Hall, but what he says applies at least as strongly to the White House.

The Sno-White Gang

Taft, Calif. is an oil town. Forty miles west of Bakersfield, it is a community of 13,000, most of whose residents have roots in the American mid-South. "Taft is like a time capsule dated 1954," Lynn Ludlow wrote recently in the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*. "Women favor beehive hairdos. Houses cost $12,000. A room in the best motel is $11.20. Young people drive up and down the main drag." And, late in May, all the blacks were run out of town.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will *not* appear on the following dates: July 12, 26; August 9, 23.

No black people live permanently in Taft, a town that once banned them (and members of other minority groups) from presence after sundown. The town's police chief told Ludlow: "Although the ["No colored allowed"] signs are down now, there is still a lot of resentment." The thirteen black people who were staying in the town were students at Taft College and had been recruited from as far away as New York to play football there.

In Taft, it appears, there is a group of young white men—mostly unemployed dropouts, bored, ignorant, muscular—who hang out at a local drive-in, the Sno-White, and who are less than enthusiastic about the idea of young black men playing football at their local public college. Tension was so high that, after a single incident of interracial violence, all thirteen blacks were driven out of town, the local newspaper editor was beaten up by a local white oil worker and Taft College closed hastily without holding final exams. One of the Sno-White crowd said of the departed blacks, "If they come back—and I'm not trying to stir things up because I'm out of it—somebody is going to be killed."

Taft is a tough town. The men communicate with their fists, and barroom casualties are not unusual. The area displays a fondness for George Wallace of Alabama. Untypical of the San Joaquin Valley in which it sits—or of California itself—Taft is lost in its yesterdays; somehow, it has escaped the national socialization of the mass media.

Such pockets of prejudice probably are more numerous than most general impressions of urban-suburban America suggest. Though the Sno-White gang is no majority of Taft's citizens, it met with small resistance. "Evidently," the local editor wrote in his paper, "the national tragedies of the last decade have taught some of us very little." And that, to be sure, is what keeps the tragedies alive.

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENTS

JOHN WINSLOW

Washington

The Justice Department is pondering whether to oppose the largest merger of all time—Mobil Oil Corp.'s purchase of Marcor, Inc., which in itself is a combination of Montgomery Ward and Container Corp. Justice is sadly undecided, for to succeed in court it may have to prove that the merger would create obvious means for thwarting competition among industry rivals. But if those means must be obvious before the government can bring suit to prevent the coalescing of $15 billion of assets under one supreme corporate management, the failure of antitrust enforcement explains itself. It becomes evident how a product can glut the market and at the same time soar in price.

The government may show easily enough that a specific and obvious anti-competitive means arising from the merger would be Mobil's insistence that Montgomery Ward's automotive outlets deal exclusively in Mobil products, to the detriment of Mobil's competitors. But that

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obvious means may not of itself be enough to persuade a court to disallow the merger.

It shouldn't have to be, because the real anti-competitive means of modern mergers are seldom obvious and plotted in advance. Rather, they arise unpredictably and geometrically from sheer agglomeration of greater and greater corporate assets and fewer and fewer control centers. Concentrated control inexorably gives rise to anti-competitive means that cannot be specifically foreseen at the time of merger.

A geometric illustration is International Telephone and Telegraph's purchase of (or merger with) Continental Baking Co. and a newsprint company in 1968. The two acquisitions offered no new or obvious means for ITT to practice self-patronage, to the exclusion and detriment of competitors, because neither company sold or purchased products sold or purchased by other ITT-controlled companies. Thus, the Justice Department did not oppose the acquisitions. Coincidentally, however, another conglomerate acquired a newspaper and a meat-producing operation. The two acquisitors then made a "gentlemen's agreement" that the ITT bakery would patronize the meat producer in return for the newspaper's patronage of the ITT newsprint company.

That reciprocal patronage is illegal (*FTC* v. *Consolidated Foods Corp.*, 380 U.S. 592) but it persists. Yet also persisting is the idea that government agencies can somehow detect and effectively enjoin anti-competitive practices after consummation of the mergers which create them.

The meat producer and the paper producer do not owe their assured sales to better production or lower prices, but to the agglomerated assets of the corporations which control them. Perhaps their competitors will in self-defense adopt the same means—conglomerate membership—for similarly insulating their prices from the leveling effect of market rivalry.

Those anti-competitive means, while not specifically obvious and foreseeable at the time of the mergers, were nevertheless bound to occur. The Mobil-Marcor merger will involve a still greater combination of assets; it should then give rise to still greater unforeseen means for anti-competitive patronage. The Mobil managers disavow that inflationary motive, but sincere though they may be, they offer no guarantee that their successors will likewise forswear opportunities for profit. Can any managers, present or future, actually renounce profit opportunities and keep faith with stockholders?

In the late 1960s Congress broached a proposal to prohibit any corporate acquisition or merger involving a significantly large amount of assets, such as of $250 million. The wisdom of that idea may be proven if the greatest merger in the history of the world passes unchallenged—unchallenged because it is impossible to describe in court the inevitable opportunities for "gentlemen's agreements."

HAIR SPRAY IN THE OZONE

THE POLITICS OF FREON

SEAN MITCHELL

Corpus Christi, Tex.

They are building the largest fluorocarbon plant in the world across the bay from Corpus Christi—they being the Du Pont Company; fluorocarbons being better known as Freon, Du Pont's trade name for the synthetic gases which, among other things, refrigerate air and propel hair spray and deodorant from aerosol cans. On this sprawling coastal plain Du Pont is spending $100 million on 1,550 acres of valves, pipes, tanks and other machinery that, when complete in 1980, will roughly double the company's production of Freon. That is, assuming that by then it is still legal to produce Freon at all.

As the leading American manufacturer of fluorocarbons, Du Pont has stiffly denied for the past nine months that there is any proof that Freon is destroying the ozone layer surrounding the earth, as various scientists have claimed. Few dispute the fact that the increased ultraviolet radiation from the sun which would reach the earth through a depleted ozone layer would adversely affect plant and animal life. (Skin cancer is directly related to ultraviolet radiation.) The question is whether or not the nontoxic, chemically inert fluorocarbons which have served so well as refrigerants and propellants are, in fact, rising into the stratosphere, more than 10 miles above the earth, and there breaking up the protective ozone molecules faster than they can be replenished by natural processes.

There is mounting scientific evidence, based on measurements of computer models of the stratosphere where the ozone is located, that this may be happening. The phrases "time bomb," "disaster" and "an end to life on earth" have been used in association with the possible depletion of the ozone layer. Du Pont has vowed that, if and when the danger is proven, it will stop producing Freon. What then would happen to this behemoth of steel and chemicals, now half-finished outside Corpus Christi? "You got me," says A.B. Rhode, the plant manager for employee relations. "I guess we'll just be out of business."

Rhode and other Du Pont officials, both in Corpus Christi and at the home office in Wilmington, Del., hesitate to refer to the scientific community's investigation of aerosols as a controversy. The company's attitude is that the national publicity about ozone depletion has been sensational and premature. "These days the public figures we're guilty until proven innocent," Rhode says glumly. He

Sean Mitchell, a free-lance writer, was formerly editor of Iconoclast, The Weekly Newspaper of Dallas.

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adds: "There's just been a failure in our educational institutions to communicate the values of the free-enterprise system."

Charles Booz, a Du Pont public relations man in Wilmington, concedes that an increasing awareness of the ozone issue has come to his company's attention, but he says it's not clear whether this explains the slight decline in the sale of aerosol products in the past six months. Precision Valve Corp., which produces half of the aerosol valves used in the world, recently closed one of its two plants in Yonkers, N.Y. In addition, there are strong indications that the hair spray industry has been gearing up for more than a year to move over to pump devices. Clairol, Alberto-Culver, and Gillette have initiated advertising campaigns to this effect. According to an editor of a drug and cosmetic trade magazine, the industry has been hedging its bets for the past eighteen months, preparing for a possible aerosol ban.

Science and industry might appear to be pitted here as adversaries, yet in the unraveling of its response to the alarm about aerosols, the scientific community has been more circumspect than reckless, more sympathetic than hostile. Fear of harming the aerosol industry has proved to be a major consideration among the leading scientists researching the Freon phenomenon. While A.B. Rhode complains that "radicals" have twisted the public mind about Freon, the politics of preserving the ozone layer are shaping up to be very conservative indeed.

The initial alarm sounded by the National Academy of Sciences' announcement last fall that it had reason to believe aerosol propellants "might result in serious deleterious consequences" seems to have toned down to "let's be prudent; a very big and important industry is at stake"—the words of Dr. Francis S. Johnson, one of the five scientists selected by the Academy to assess the immediate danger of the situation.

Dr. Johnson, an atmospheric physicist at the University of Texas at Dallas, chaired the panel on atmospheric physics and chemistry of the National Academy's three-year study into the effects of aircraft emissions on the stratosphere. Paid for by the Department of Transportation, this $20-million program set out to investigate the effects on the ozone that might be expected from a large fleet of SSTs. The Academy's report, published in March, concluded that a worldwide fleet of 300 to 400 SSTs would emit enough nitrogen oxide to deplete the ozone layer by 10 per cent within twenty years. "The stratosphere is like a city whose garbage is collected every few years instead of daily," the report stated in an uncharacteristic metaphor. In other words, the valuable ozone, which exists only in parts per million over an area 10 to 30 miles above the earth, would be seriously reduced by the deposit of the SSTs' combustible garbage.

The discovery that fluorocarbons from aerosol cans might also be attacking the ozone layer was announced last summer as the Academy was finishing its report, but the discovery did not come from a scientist working on the SST project. It was made by F. Sherwood Rowland, a chemistry professor at the University of California who was working on an independent project. Soon, atmospheric scientists already studying the ozone layer were asked to consider that inert fluorocarbons, harmless in the lower atmosphere, were rising into the stratosphere where they were breaking up the ozone much more effectively than would the projected SST emissions.

Last October, the Academy called Dr. Johnson and four other scientists, including Rowland, to Washington to draft a position paper. They recommended a year of further study to verify Rowland's hypothesis.

Johnson now speaks of the ongoing research with what might be described as subdued anxiety. Yes, he believes that aerosols are probably having some effect in the ozone layer. No, he doesn't think the public should get too excited about it. "The only way in which you could say we have set off a 'time bomb' which was going to do something very serious several decades in the future, would be something like building the large fleet of SSTs. And it would take ten to fifteen years to build a large fleet. It would only be a time bomb if you had started a course of action that you couldn't stop along the way. As for chlorofluoromethanes [fluorocarbons], if you decided the effects were intolerable at any time, you could just stop using them. While the situation would get a little worse for a few years (because of the reservoir in the atmosphere), it would eventually level off and return to normal."

One of the concerns about fluorocarbons is that it takes them forty to 150 years to reach the ozone layer. While the SST emissions would disappear completely in three to five years, if stopped altogether, fluorocarbons would continue to break up ozone for about 100 years after they were taken out of circulation.

Johnson acknowledges that the aerosol problem is unique, that it represents a concept of pollution quite different from the sort which plagues the lower atmosphere. "The only worldwide pollution that we know of up to this point is the increase of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere which has resulted from the burning of fossil fuels. It is the most extensive atmospheric modification that has occurred. It just happens not to have been important so far as we can tell. In any case we're highly committed to it; everyone burns fuel, so there's no way of avoiding this build-up of carbon dioxide, and we're truly fortunate that it doesn't have effects like those that are foreseen for a reduction in the ozone." Even considering the industry-wide increase in Freon production at the current rate of 10 per cent a year, Dr. Johnson is confident that a few years of study are warranted before any drastic steps are taken to regulate aerosols.

How fast the ozone is being depleted is a guessing game at this point, based on mathematical models. However, several research groups around the country have reached similar conclusions. Assuming that the current rate of Freon production continues unabated, the estimates of depletion come in at about 5 to 7 per cent by 1995, 30 per cent by the year 2010. Exactly what effect the corresponding increase in ultraviolet radiation will have is also a guess, but the fact that the beginning of life on earth is generally believed to have coincided with the development of the ozone layer causes some scientists to flinch.

Dr. Donald Hunton, another member of the National Academy's select *ad hoc* committee on fluorocarbons, who urged a ban on aerosols last fall, has changed his mind about that but still "has no doubt that we'll have to stop

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making them in the end." Hunton, director of the Kitt Peak Observatory in Tucson, said recently, "We have good evidence that a problem is coming and coming fast, but we've got to take into consideration that the industries making Freon are economically important." Hunton ponders aloud the difficult moral choice between putting people out of work and exposing people to greater amounts of ultraviolet. "The people talking doomsday and all that—that's nonsense. The only thing we know for sure is that skin cancer will increase. . .but disaster? It's just not in the cards for the next few years. No one really knows what would happen even if we destroyed the entire ozone layer."

When NASA began its space shuttle program two years ago, its scientists realized that the spacecraft would emit hydrochloric acid, which also destroys ozone. The first manned flight isn't scheduled until 1979, but by 1985 the shuttle program calls for sixty craft a year to pass through

the stratosphere. NASA is studying whether or not their emissions will be critical to ozone depletion. Robert Hudson, director of NASA's Environmental Affairs Office, believes that even 3 per cent overall reduction of ozone, which NASA studies have indicated could occur by the 1980s, is not a small amount. He speculates that some international rationing board may have to be devised to allot an allowable number of stratospheric emissions.

Meanwhile, nine state legislatures have already considered aerosol bans and two bills have been introduced into the U.S. House of Representatives. On May 27, the Oregon House passed a bill banning the sale of aerosol sprays containing fluorocarbons. The Senate had passed the bill earlier. Government regulatory agencies are throwing up their hands, perplexed at having to find jurisdiction for an inert gas which harms no one until it is disassembled by short-wave-length ultraviolet light at more than 10 miles above the earth. Both the Environmental Protection Agency and the Consumer Product Safety Commission have stated that they need a few years of study before they can rule on the problem. One scientist has charged that these agencies are stalling to avoid having to produce proof on a deadline. Dr. Robert McElroy, one of the nation's eminent atmospheric physicists, whose research group at Harvard has essentially confirmed Rowland's theory, has nevertheless also played down the urgency of the problem. He reportedly has been avoiding the press ever since a national magazine article implied that he might be seeking to extend the research for as long a period as possible to make use of the grants that would come with it.

The whole area of research grants and the competition among scientists to get them must be considered a factor in the politics of ozone. Atmospheric science is a field not widely developed; there is a lot yet to be learned about the stratosphere, and many scientists would like to use whatever leverage they can to get a commitment from the government for long-range research in the area. Aside from concern about the environment, there are careers to be made.

For the sake of argument, assume that a company wanted to stall for time on the issue of removing a controversial product from the market. One way to go about it would be to fund university research programs which would not announce results for several years. Meanwhile, the company would be able to retool the product, assuming all along that the research would lead eventually to government regulation.

"That's what I would do if I wanted to prolong an investigation as long as possible," says Prof. Harold Johnston of Berkeley. "On the other hand, if I really wanted an answer fast I'd go to an aerospace corporation." Johnston is the atmospheric specialist who in 1971 first suggested that SST emissions might be affecting the stratosphere. He also worked with Rowland's research group in examining the effects of fluorocarbons in the upper atmosphere. He eschews the sensational reports about ozone depletion, saying "the truth is bad enough." On the question of proof: "You will never have absolute proof in this matter; science doesn't work that way. But proof beyond a reasonable doubt is in the making."

No one can say what degree of proof will be necessary for the government or Du Pont or the other companies manufacturing fluorocarbons to determine that aerosol sprays (and possibly refrigerating systems as well) will have to be regulated. There is always the possibility, as Du Pont is quick to point out, that some unknown factor in the stratosphere could yet invalidate the models which have led to the depletion theory. Most of all, it seems clear that the scientists doing the research don't want to be saddled with the responsibility of using their measure-

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ments to influence regulatory policy.

"It's always a political decision in the end," remarks Francis Johnson. "It shouldn't be up to the Academy or individual scientists to decide on a course of action. We can only compile the data and whatever the government decides from that is something else again."

It could take the government and its regulatory agencies a couple of years to formulate a policy about aerosols. However, considering the rumors that the hair-spray market is switching to pumps because of the adverse publicity, the crucial factor could turn out to be consumer response. Meanwhile, a $2-billion-a-year industry hangs in the balance.

To Professor Rowland, the handwriting is on the wall. "It's unlikely that we'll be using them in 1978 at the rate we're using them now. Du Pont is just stonewalling."

To Du Pont, which makes nearly half the fluorocarbons produced in the United States, the issue is far from settled. Its spokesmen declare that the research is incomplete and pledge Du Pont support for further study over the next three to five years. Our anemic economy would suffer a nasty blow from a ban on aerosols now, warns a recent Du Pont management bulletin. Asked whether or not the controversy will affect completion of the Corpus Christi plant, Raymond L. McCarthy, director of the company's Freon products division, has had no comment.

To Robert Abplanalp, the man who invented the aerosol spray valve and who financed San Clemente for Richard Nixon, this is a lot of fuss over nothing. He believes that the amount of ozone already fluctuates to such a large degree as to make the effects of fluorocarbons insignificant. He's still hoping that a multi-agency convocation scheduled for June in Washington may bring to light new evidence to disprove what these scientists have been saying. Then he'll be able to reopen his precision valve plant in Yonkers.

To A.B. Rhode in the administration office at Corpus Christi it is all a hell of a note. Exasperation shows on his face at talk of the confusion about aerosols. He claims not to know much about the products made here or the Freon debate in general, yet he senses the danger, as if his company were under siege by some enemy whose motives he cannot fathom. Expressionless, he holds up an imaginary spray can. "And all this is happening just because people would rather do this (he pumps once) than this (he pumps twice)." □

ASSASSINATION AMBUSH

ON A JEEP RIDE WITH CASTRO

EDWARD LAMB

Edward Lamb, the well-known Toledo, Ohio, industrialist, has visited Cuba on a number of occasions. Here he gives, for the first time, an eyewitness account of an attempt made to assassinate Fidel Castro in 1969. Since he was at the time a guest of Castro, Mr. Lamb felt that any public comment on the incident should come from his host. Now, since Castro has recently referred to various attacks on his life, Mr. Lamb feels free to describe the circumstances of the one at which he was present.

I was happy to accept an invitation to visit with Prime Minister Fidel Castro. We agreed that we'd take plenty of time to discuss many problems, especially matters of productivity and scientific management. The next morning, before six, the Prime Minister's associates picked me up at my Havana hotel and took me to his personal plane waiting at one of the airports outside the city. There we were met by several government leaders, including the Ministers of Agriculture and Labor, a couple of members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and many guards. Once we were in the air, I was told we were going to Camagüey Province. The plane, attractively furnished with accommodations for some twenty-five passengers, carried half a dozen security agents. There were machine guns even in the toilet. At Camagüey Airport we were met by two civilian cars and several jeeps. Driving through the city, one jeep went ahead and one followed. Each jeep had four military occupants all of whom seemed heavily armed.

We headed out into the back roads for a long, dusty drive. When we came finally to a complex of white buildings and pulled up at the gate, I was met by the white-bearded Dr. René Vallejo, Castro's physician and friend, whom I had known from earlier trips to Cuba. We chatted for a minute and then Castro came out. We sat on the porch, consumed orange juice and talked for possibly an hour. He seemed happy that I had accepted his invitation, and wanted my reactions to what I had seen in Cuba and to know what else I would like to see. I told him that my interests were generally economic rather than ideological and that I had studied the operation and management of many Cuban activities and was impressed by the enthusiasm and energy of people involved in the building of their economy. He pointed out that most of their techniques, especially in the sugar cane fields, were probably crude by our standards, but that they were hoping to incorporate more mechanization into their economy and to learn more about modern technology. While the world knows of Castro's charisma and his interest in helping his people, I told him that my acceptance of his invitation was largely motivated by a curiosity about a Socialist government's receptivity to technological advances. (At the end of two and a half days of our talks, he had written more than 50 legal sized pages of notes.)

After lunch we sat rocking on the porch of that little white house in the back country of Camagüey. We told stories and made plans, security guards moving inconspicuously in the background. This was the third time I had met Dr. Castro, but the first where relaxed conversation was the order of the day. Fidel Castro is 6 ft. 2 in. and weighs 198 pounds. He has an aquiline nose and a beard

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which begins to show traces of gray and protrudes 6 inches below his chin. I noticed a large wart on the right side of his neck. He munched oranges and said it was one way to keep his weight down. "It's one of my major problems," he laughed. Soon we were joined by Dr. José Miyar, then dean of Havana University, Armando Hart, member of the politburo in charge of the organization of the party, Ophelia Hernandez, a faculty member at Havana University and Dr. Vallejo who, I was glad to note, was acting increasingly as interpreter.

It was 2:30 in the afternoon of March 20, 1969. We boarded a jeep for visits to various cattle and farm centers. Castro was at the wheel and I sat beside him. Dr. Vallejo sat on the back right seat with a security guard at his left. Ours was the first car of a seven-jeep caravan. We drove for an hour or so, visiting several farms and stopped finally at an experimental dairy where our entourage talked to several of the workers and took a good many pictures of the new breeds of cattle. Everyone was immensely proud of the new breeds and insisted that the whole economy's meat supply had been "revolutionized"!

René Vallejo, Edward Lamb and Fidel Castro, Immediately After the Assassination Attempt

When we took off from the farm, Castro moved to the back left seat and I remained in front, next to the military driver. I put my feet up on the dashboard next to the ever present machine gun. (Soviet machine guns were in both the front and the back seats of our jeep.) We drove for another twenty minutes along some very dusty roads—I felt sorry for the five or six jeeps following us. We then came to a place where a military jeep was parked by the right side of the road. As we slowed down, we could see two men standing near the front right side of their vehicle. The one in front wore a white shirt, the other a greenish fatigue shirt. The front man, holding a machine gun moved rapidly toward the front left side of his jeep. Suddenly we heard four or five quick shots. It was all so fast I could hardly believe what was happening. It appeared that the second soldier knocked the gun of the first upward so that the shots went into the air. It all happened in a matter of a few seconds so that I could reconstruct it only in part. We continued to move forward, and in less than 30 feet came abreast of the parked car. By then at least three of the jeeps following us had speeded up and surrounded the jeep by the road. Machine gunners were all over the white-shirted man. We raced ahead, but watching the excitement through the back of our car, I could see how quickly the guards reacted. They must have operated under the orders of the officer in charge of the second jeep because no directive came from our car.

The commander shouted not to hurt the white-shirted fellow. "Hold him," he yelled, as several guards pounced on him. I was talking to Castro at the moment. He first seemed to duck, then rose in his seat slightly and he too looked back. As we sped off, he said without seeming to interrupt our conversation, that he was happy they didn't kill the man. "Now we can find out something about his background." I think I must have been too surprised to be really nervous and anyway Castro kept on talking about a new strain of grass they were introducing into that arid Camagüey Province.

I had been in the direct line between Castro and the assassin. For a bullet to hit him, it would have had to go through me. Later that evening various members of the group reported to us while we were having dinner that the man was a member of the Communist Party. He had achieved a position of trust, but the Cuban leaders had already begun to have doubts about his loyalty or connections with outsiders. I have often thought since about that man and his attempt to kill the Cuban leader. How much mercy should be shown to a hired assassin? Was he, as Vallejo claimed, an agent of the CIA? As I lay on my bed that night in Castro's remote Camagüey headquarters, I pondered the many questions concerning the state of individual liberty in a Socialist country, where the counter-revolutionists were trying to destroy the social and economic security of a whole people. The unfriendly President of my own country was Richard Nixon. On a more recent day in Cuba I recalled the reasons why Fidel Castro survived while Dr. Salvador Allende of Chile succumbed to an assassin's bullet and a social revolution collapsed. On the occasion when I was present and the attempt to assassinate Castro failed I can give eyewitness testimony and report its failure.

We talked that night until the small hours of the morning and I kidded Castro that he seemed to be a one-man planning commission, as well as the executive department. The next day and because of recent events I talked to him about what would happen after his death. We spoke of the method of making decisions and the passing of responsibility down to all elements of the economy. We talked about priorities for the various projects to be developed. We even talked about modern budget making and the American federal and state governments and how variable budgets were put together in a modern corporation.

No man can live through such close attempts on his life

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with a total disregard of the serious consequences. Pictures taken immediately before the assassination attempt and immediately afterward remind me that Castro also did a bit of sweating. While I may not have been frightened at the moment of the attempt on his life, I realize that the question of succession is also pertinent in my own case. Only a couple of years before, I had watched the helicopter next to mine as it was shot down in Vietnam. The real shock comes after one is safely back on the ground.

When I had concluded those delightful meetings with Castro and realized that we had survived a violent assault, I returned home and brought my last will and testament up to date. After all, I do want an equitable society to succeed. I do believe in the accomplishments of the Cuban Revolution and in the greatness of its leader. It's important to give the second step in Cuba's revolution—the managerial revolution—a bit of aid. I am glad that Castro survived the attempt upon his life and I am glad I survived because there is much work to be done by each of us. He has made a political revolution. It's possible to help nations, including those with varying political forms, to accomplish their scientific and managerial revolutions. □

THE IMPOSSIBLE SOCIETY

BRITAIN NEEDS A NEW LEFT

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

London

"Are the English quite sane?" The question has often been asked, with resigned good humor. It is now sometimes asked seriously, with impatience and even with anger. American friends seem to get off the plane expecting anything from straw in the hair to blood in the streets. The usual slow, kindly muddle may for a time reassure them. Whatever may be wrong it is not of that order. But you don't have to look around long, as a visitor or native, to know that it is now, in the strict sense, an impossible society; or, to put it more scientifically, that it is undergoing strains, tensions, divisions, that are unlikely to be bearable in their present forms. Back in the early 1950s, when nothing seemed to be moving, I got into the habit of saying that the one thing certain about an impossible situation is that it will last. I don't say that now. Almost everything is moving, and the scientific thing to say would be that Britain is in a period of radical and deeply contested transition. But that's only half a statement since it makes no sense unless we say transition to what.

If I had been writing a month ago I would have written mainly about the rate of inflation, now climbing above 20 per cent. In the months ahead, it will remain the central topic. But of course all economic problems are fought politically, and the strangeness of the present situation is that this central political struggle has been cut across by a major political campaign of another kind: the referendum on continued membership in the Common Market. This is not just a temporary complication; its result seems certain to affect the balance of forces in the central struggle. That is why it is important to see what has happened in what is really, in this form, a residual issue.

After the economic crises of the early and mid-1960s, which showed the chronic relative weakness of the British economy, exacerbated by its dependence on imports for half its food and by its overextended and specially exposed position in the international monetary system, a crucial decision—to join the Common Market—was taken by the large industrial and finance capital institutions, and by the leadership of both main political parties. A necessary part of this strategy was that the trade unions should be brought under tighter controls, and this again was attempted by the leadership of both parties. All the key economic and financial decisions of the past ten years have been in line with this strategy. The consequent alignment of the economy is, within capitalist terms, irreversible. Nothing is easier than to go back to some selected date—1946, 1966—and prove that an alternative policy was then possible. This becomes more plausible the further you go back, but it is in any case irrelevant: the key dispositions, in investments and markets, have been made. The fact that joining the Market was delayed by the French added to the political difficulties, but the main trend of economic alignment continued in any case.

The final formal negotiations, and the present Labour government's so-called renegotiations, found some marginal flexibility but were mainly a ratification of key decisions that had already been made. But the strategy still depended on controlling the unions. Otherwise an already weak British capitalism would prove, in the new situation, even less competitive. Wilson with one kind of legislation, Heath with another, and both with every conceivable device for controlling wages, attempted this necessary part of the strategy. Each in turn failed. The most spectacular defeat of what, taken as a whole, was a rational capitalist strategy, came with the victory of the miners' strike and the fall of the Heath government in March 1974. This coincided with a major worsening of the general economic situation and with the effect of increased oil prices which were to shake even very much stronger economies. From that point on, given the lines of the strategy being followed, things were out of control.

The truth is that, added to the general factors of inflation, which affected all capitalist economies, there was a special factor of a quite open class struggle which the capitalists and the alternative political leaderships were steadily and visibly losing. Many Left commentators put it the other way round, denying that wage increases contribute significantly to inflation, and presenting wage struggles as essentially defensive. In local terms that is

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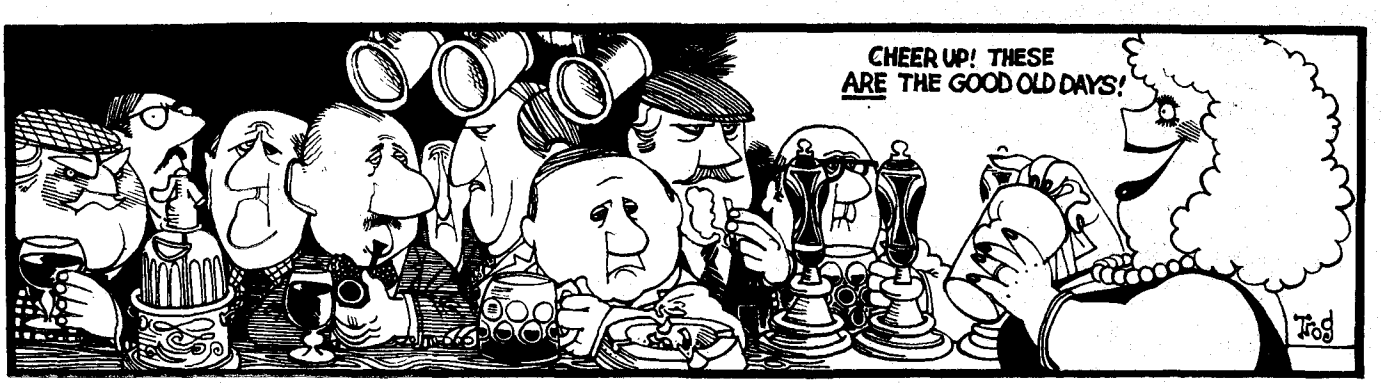
often true, but it is an extraordinary underestimate of the real situation. Over the past seven years, and especially over the past two, the organized working class has acquired and exercised an effective power of veto over any capitalist strategy. When inflation rose to 20 per cent, earnings rose 30 per cent. From that 30 per cent you must deduct taxes, but it is still true that the most powerful unions had vetoed, in practice, the attempts to reduce consumption significantly, and to increase profitability and investment, on which the whole strategy depended.

It has more recently been part of the strategy to increase unemployment, that being the classical way to reduce wage pressure. But, though employment has been falling, as one capitalist institution after the other, including some of the very largest, has moved into severe financial crisis, the veto, on the whole, has been exercised there also. Massive state investment and emergency loans have been mobilized, from taxation and borrowing, not simply to re-equip British industry, which is the accepted capitalist strategy and the policy of the political leaderships but also, on quite different criteria, to save jobs. Britain consequently shows up very badly in comparative figures for inflation, but very well in comparative figures for unemployment. Meanwhile the real pressure is being felt, not only by less organized groups but conspicuously in social expenditure. Every kind of public institution is under extreme pressure, and the quality of life to which they so evidently contribute is deteriorating day by day. It is this overall situation that leads to descriptions of the society as "ungovernable"; a phrase started by the Right, passed on to American and other foreign journalists and then reimported as objective description. What it means is that the society is, for the time being at least, ungovernable according to any rational capitalist economic and political strategy.

So are we "slipping," as is also reported, "into a social revolution"? I have to say that I wish I could see any signs of it. This is the scare talk of the Right, designed to mobilize foreign and domestic opinion for a new attempt to break the unions. And this, as I see it, is the real danger. For what the unions have had, so far, is a veto, a decisive or effective negative. What the Left does not have, economically and especially politically, is any convincing alternative positive program. That is where the effects of the referendum campaign may be especially damaging.

Back in the 1960s, the Left correctly identified the general capitalist strategy and its connection with the Common Market. It became axiomatic, on the Left, to oppose it. By the 1970s, even after formal accession, the opposition was still strong enough to force Wilson into double-talk about renegotiation, to keep the Labour Party together. The Left's strategy was then clear: to prevent capitalist solutions within Britain, to defeat the Common Market alternative, and then on a broadly popular basis to move steadily toward Socialist solutions. The essential political ingredient of this strategy was a popular majority against the Market. For two or three crucial years, until 1974, they had it, and the strategy held together. The twists and turns of the Labour Party leadership, which went through the motions of renegotiation and then announced its support for the Market, were of course predictable and predicted. But this promised a bonus. After defeat in the referendum by a popular anti-Market majority, the Right would be driven out of the leadership or even the party, and the full opening to the Left would be there.

Well, it didn't happen that way. And it could never have happened that way. It was an intoxicating prospect, but it was based on illusions characteristic of the old Left. The temporary popular majority against the Market was really a vote against rising prices, of the kind which had been cast in turn against both Labour and Conservatives. The Socialist case against the Market is the same case that Socialists have to make against Britain's capitalist state. Yet to preserve the anti-Market popular majority this had to be displaced, in the end, by fantasies about British independence. Solid anti-Market opinion was composed almost equally of Socialists who opposed international capitalism and of the far Right and nationalists who wished to preserve an old-style Britain. Hence the extraordinary alliance of the anti-Market campaign—the old Left and the Powellite Right. Some Socialists kept their own case clear, but the thrust of the campaign was toward British independence, and at the end of a period of repeated economic failures it was never likely that this would be widely enough believed. When a positive alternative policy was looked for, it had to be either to go on as we once did (choosing the "open sea," as the Anti campaign kept quoting from Sir Winston Churchill) or (but to keep the potential majority together this had to be underplayed) to move rapidly to Socialist controls on trade and capital, in an effective siege economy. The first alternative had become incredible; the second, for which an economic case can be made, had so small a political base (remaining small because it could not be openly campaigned for,



The Observer (London)

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though if the campaign had been explicit it is doubtful, in present circumstances, if it could have been significantly increased) that the old Left was actually risking the kind of crisis which would make rigid controls inevitable, and in which the most likely political outcome would be the rigid controls which the Right has been repeatedly trying, thus far unsuccessfully, to impose.

So gross a political miscalculation throws light on the ideological condition of the old Left. And that they were joined, if rather cynically, in the name of unity by most of the Marxist Left, is equally revealing. The old Left (and I know this because I grew up in it) has always linked a social-democratic ideology with affirmation of the uniqueness of British society and its traditions. In a crisis like the present, it can speak of international capitalism as if British capitalists were not part of it, and of British freedoms as if we did not live in what is at best a capitalist democracy, with manipulative electoral politics and with substantial integration into an American political and military hegemony. As they tried to cover these contradictions, they became more and more incredible.

Meanwhile most of the Marxist Left, still weak and peripheral, had failed (as who has not?) to develop a contemporary theory and strategy against advanced international capitalism. Much of its rhetoric and its *élan* comes from revolutions undertaken in quite different circumstances, and these are made to compensate for its failures to defeat the enemy at home. Only one tiny group, Communists for Europe, and a few independents like myself took a different line, arguing that we had to fight international capitalism beyond the limits of the nation-state, and that the strength of the Left in Western Europe, in conditions of contradiction between European and American capitalism, was a realistic basis for a quite different political strategy.

Two final points. The old Left went into this campaign in the same negative spirit as the trade unions' exercise of the economic veto. Each now risks a similar kind of defeat, in the changed conditions of the referendum result. It is only by raising the stakes that either can survive: politically by moving very fast into the Common Market institutions, where the Right and Center are already firmly established, and where the struggle for an elected and legislative Parliament will be crucial; economically, by moving on from the veto to positive and selective programs for controls on investment and employment—an attempt to command resources, rather than to react sullenly to their present distribution. It will be hard either way, but if the effort is not made there will be a rapid move to the Right: not fascism but a capitalist authoritarianism backed by an explicit or implicit political coalition stretching from the Labour Center to all but the Powellite Right. That coalition was forming during the referendum campaign, and it will now be very much harder to fight because the case against it has been so negative, so residual and so deeply unrealistic.

Then a brief note on the actual voting. What is most significant is that the old Left, the old Labourism, didn't hold even the organized working class. On the evidence we have so far, the "yes" vote, for staying in the Common Market, had majorities in every social class, in both sexes and in all major parties. This will be explained away as the result of manipulation by the parties and the media, and there was certainly plenty of that. But the majority among trade unionists cannot be explained away. In this, as in other matters, there is more realism, at least of a short-term kind, among actual working people than among their official representatives. Indeed it is just that which the Right can now exploit, and which the old Left, by its unrealism, has left open to exploitation. It is then indeed time, as has been theoretically clear for twenty years, to build a new Left which can speak to our changed and changing condition. □

LABOR'S NEW BROOD

THE PUBLIC SERVICE UNIONS

B. J. WIDICK

Detroit

The spectacular success of so-called white collar unionism has been the outstanding organizational achievement of American trade unions in the past decade, and a major reason why union membership as a proportion of the work force has not shrunk to new lows. Like the earlier rise of the CIO and the triumph of industrial unionism, this development was not expected by most academic theorists of labor or by AFL-CIO leaders—especially since the largest gains came in public employee unionism, which in most instances was already covered by civil service and other regulations. As late as 1955 George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, had declared this field out of bounds: "It is impossible to bargain collectively with the government."

But given momentum by President Kennedy's Executive Order 10988, unionism spread rapidly in the public sector. Aside from the postal workers—more than 600,000 in membership, but now considered employees of a public corporation—the giant strides of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), with now more than 700,000 members, made an enormous impact on the American labor scene. The growth of the Teachers Union, once a dead end of unionism, to 450,000 was equally sensational, and the National Educational Association, with around 1.2 million members, became a

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THE NATION

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competitive collective bargaining organization under the challenge of the Teachers. Besides these major groups, according to government estimates, at least 4.5 million public sector workers are enrolled in a whole variety of unions. Policemen and firemen are largely organized and bargain collectively. The Teamsters claim 200,000; the Service Employees International Union more than 200,000. It is difficult to find a union that is not involved. (The UAW has just organized more than 3,000 employees at the University of Michigan.)

The focus of much of this success has been New York City, where union gains became national models. The sensational strike and collective bargaining victories of the Teachers Union under Al Shanker were an enormous boost for teachers and their organizations everywhere. Another talented young labor leader, Victor Gotbaum, came to the fore with contracts he negotiated for AFSCME's 137,000 New York City members. In this tidal wave which overwhelmed the Lindsay administration, the New York Police Benevolent Association, the city's firemen and above all the sanitation engineers (garbage collectors) won remarkable pay increases, contract gains and superior pensions—and that is part of the problem now, both for the unions and for the local and state administrations these unions helped recently to elect. None of the gains came easily to the unions, which in many cases played brinkmanship with anti-strike laws, or whose political skill outmaneuvered city or state officials, or who profited from political deals—playing Nelson Rockefeller against Democratic city incumbents was a routine business in New York, where political bargaining long ago superseded collective bargaining at the negotiating table. Of course, a similar story could be written about almost any unionized city. How much the gains were due to union skills, inept government officials, or labor market forces may be argued among academics—the gains are there.

But, as taxpayers everywhere know with concern, the happy days for public employee unionism are over. Everywhere in urban areas can be seen a general pattern of recession cutbacks, city budget crises and a revolt among the taxpayers, with city officials squeezed between union demands and public hostility. And this takes place in the context of a devastating national recession, with depression unemployment rates, and with a conservative White House using its full power to reduce social gains and social services. The prospect for most city unions, and not just in New York, is very cloudy indeed. Instead of gains, the crucial issue becomes how to cut losses or ease the pain of retrenchment. In the coming Teachers Union negotiations, one thing is certain—there will be no Christmas package, as one labor expert called the 1969 Shanker-negotiated contract, in 1975.

What industrial unions and the construction trades have faced for the past year now confronts these white collar unions. Already an estimated 500,000 of the country's city and state employees have been laid off, and the end is not in sight, given the social policies of the Ford Administration. The angry response by all New York labor leaders—police, firemen, AFSCME, Teachers and sanitary workers—to Mayor Beame's proposed cutbacks of manpower indicates that these sophisticated union spokesmen understand the nightmares before them. What makes their jobs more difficult is the fact that labor's man occupies City Hall, and Gov. Hugh Carey, who sits in Albany, was also "their man." Beame and Carey can't easily be dismissed as "anti-union" politicians.

There are other difficulties, mostly arising from the increasing cost of union gains and with more taxpayers asking tough questions. If it is true, for example, that the number of schoolteachers in New York City grew from 40,000 to 57,000, with no growth in the number of pupils and schools, why isn't the education better, the public will ask Al Shanker. Is it true that sanitary workers collected only 2.5 million tons of garbage in 1974, compared to 3.5 million tons in 1973? Police and firemen will be plagued with questions about the overtime policies so expensive to the city. City employees will be asked, with great intensity, who is to pay the enormous pension bill included in city contracts.

Until recently, questions of this sort were brushed aside with the charge that they were "anti-labor," or asked only by the "boss press." Now nothing is sacred to incensed taxpayers, and that's the new factor making answers more urgent and difficult for union leaders. Blaming the bankers for New York's current liquidity crisis may create a little political capital for the union leaders, but it won't meet city payrolls, or answer the crisis effectively.

A further difficulty for New York and other urban centers is the national antipathy toward the big cities—a phenomenon which *The New York Times* recently portrayed in a series of articles. The country's bad image of New York may be duplicated by what upstaters in Michigan think about Detroit, or Ohioans feel about Cleveland. There is no understanding of and little sympathy for the problems of the cities, and that accounts in part for President Ford's willingness and ability to ignore Abe Beame's cries for help.

When city labor leaders predict dire consequences from any manpower cutbacks, they face a dilemma: their views tend to become self-fulfilling prophecies. Many Americans feel that the worst is already here. When police argue that fewer cops mean more crime; firemen, more fires out of control; teachers, lousier schools, and public service employees, less service, they add to the fear of and hostility toward the cities.

Of course, the recession and unemployment have wiped out many of the gains made by blacks and other minorities in the past decade. Daniel P. Moynihan's benign neglect has been replaced by something worse: Who gives a damn? Given the population trends in cities, and the increase in the proportion of blacks and other minorities in public employment, only one institution offers a form of effective protest or action against the ravages of the recession. It is the trade unions. Few persons doubt that any replica of the

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riots of the 1960s would be met with sterner police and military measures. A hard-hat government undisturbed by Kent State, Attica, or Jackson State isn't likely to become soft now. An Administration that can veto job-creating bills, or denounce them as New Deal measures, is closer to Calvin Coolidge than to Herbert Hoover.

Against this powerful conservative trend, which has affected many unions too, the challenge to public service unions is unmistakable. There is no denying the talent or political sophistication of the leaders of the white collar unions. Few are frozen into the rigidities of the old AFL unions, or display the caution of many industrial unions. But old hostilities and competition still appear to be stronger than the requirements of coordinated union action, and the fragmentation of white collar unionism won't easily be overcome. In New York, the Teachers Union gives every sign of going it alone in its forthcoming negotiations. It's a question whether many labor leaders dislike each other more than they do the system which they so well understand and so bitterly deplore, at least in ceremonial speeches.

Going it alone may well bring momentary relief from problems for the strong unions, leaving the weak to die of starvation or neglect. In this situation, unionism as usual is painfully inadequate. Observing contracts is necessary, but in practice this simply means that the newly hired—mainly minorities—be they policemen or city office workers, sink back into oblivion with the poor, the old and the helpless. Taking good stands on social legislation, or demanding a veto-proof Congress are indispensable guidelines, but don't meet next month's bills for the unemployed, or bring tax relief to the lower income worker. It remains a source of concern that, with its vast array of problems, there is not yet a sign of genuine union unity among the affected, and no serious effort to keep the unemployed in the framework of the union movement by developing auxiliary unemployment movements, whose first concern would be preserving people rather than the institutional arrangements which envelop legitimized institutions.

It took more than lobbying—important as it was—to institute the New Deal, or to get the civil rights legislation of the 1960s. Except for some union lobbying conferences in Washington, and one attempt to mobilize the unemployed under the auspicies of the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO—an occasion that created among labor leaders more panic than stimulation for further action— the passivity of American labor brings to mind the floundering of the once mighty German trade unions in the Great Depression—and their helplessness before the onslaughts of Hitler. The alternatives are bleakly clear: either there arises a conscious movement of directed social protest, under the influence of unions, or the season of rip-offs by marauding youths assumes alarming proportions, with disturbing social consequences. In a nation where the national Administration operates under the illusion that the "free market system" will automatically revive and champion social progress, the tasks for unions become yet greater and more urgent. No one has discovered another successful way. □

GENERALS WITHOUT BANKERS

THE CHILEAN JUNTA BESIEGED

JAMES F. PETRAS

"We haven't made any decisions. . . .We are waiting to see what happens next. . . ." While it is probable that some new financial arrangements will be made to float the Chilean economy, those comments indicate that the nature and tone of the negotiations between the U.S. bankers and the envoys of the junta have changed considerably. There is no longer the buoyancy and expectation that was expressed in the initial period after the overthrow of Allende. In fact, that event has receded further and further back from the calculations of the bankers. Even the executives of the First National City Bank, the leading banking group backing the junta, admit somewhat ruefully that the Chilean situation has become increasingly problematical and more difficult to deal with among the sister banks who form the lending consortium.

Thus negotiations between the bankers and the Chileans have turned increasingly delicate. The former are now reluctant to release new funds without evidence of any positive results—largely defined in a substantially reduced rate of inflation. At the same time, the bankers, aware of the precarious nature of the Chilean financial structure and its absolute dependence on outside support, are worried that a sharp cutback could produce a disastrous collapse, with heavy losses on past loans and other unforeseen consequences. Hence the negotiations proceed with the bankers demanding stricter fiscal controls and giving grudging consent to new funding, but with thinly veiled threats that a cutoff threshold may soon be reached. The bankers of New York, the earliest and strongest supporters of the Chilean junta, have begun to doubt the wisdom of sending more good money after bad.

The money men are not troubled by any questions of human rights or political repression. For the First National City executives and their associates the problem is the disintegrating state of the Chilean economy and the frightening spectacle of a 400 per cent inflation rate. As Minister of Finance Jorge Cauas discovered at his May 8th meeting in New York, the bankers are no longer interested in hearing how the "Marxists" wrecked the economy and

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how the junta is intent on reconstruction. After twenty months in power, the new government's attempt to shift blame to the old regime is wearing thin in Washington and Wall Street, and fewer and fewer of the banking houses are satisfied with the "social market economy" rhetoric and "good intentions" of the junta. For the bankers, the day of judgment has arrived: either the present rulers of Chile put its house in order—which means a substantial slowdown of the inflation—or credits and loans will not be forthcoming. In the private sessions the bankers subjected Cauas to severe questioning, and while they were not dissatisfied with his answers, they did doubt his ability to carry out effectively his anti-inflation "shock" program. U.S. bankers want to know how promises of cutbacks in public spending, credits and public employment can take place when the junta promises at the same time to reduce unemployment by financing massive public works programs.

Cauas was further pressed to explain how a cutback in credits, which must further paralyze national industrial and commercial activity, will raise productivity, especially since large-term foreign investments are still not available. The small amount of new foreign investments trickling in is dedicated to buying up established former state firms or to revamping existing firms—few new industrial ventures are being undertaken. And on recent visits to Chile, some U.S. bankers have become uneasy about what they describe as possible demagogic tendencies among some military officials who, observing the plight of the poor, may want to mount the "Populist horse" and ride to power on the basis of a national-popular revival.

These considerations and others have raised serious doubts within the U.S. financial community. Business officials here point out that the Chilean industrialists have yet to show the entrepreneurial capacity to invest and save on a scale necessary to promote national development. As one former executive from Anaconda told me, "They [the Chilean industrialists] have a seignorial mentality—they're only sixty years off the hacienda." The performance of the industrial sector over the past year hardly refutes that appraisal: inflation has encouraged speculative investments over production, while reductions in protective legislation and government credits have pushed the private sector in the same direction, further feeding the flames of inflation. These economic circumstances and government policies have led to sharper criticism of the junta from some Chilean industrial sectors and from petit-bourgeois commercial groups, who look back to the pre-Allende days when a government-protected and -subsidized "private enterprise" flourished under the guise of national development.

From Orlando Saenz, the former president of the Chilean industrial association, SOFOFA, to Pablo Rodriguez Grez, head of the Social-Fascist Fatherland and Liberty Movement, there come increasing demands to redirect the junta's development toward nationalist-redistributive measures benefiting the national bourgeoisie and petit bourgeoisie. But of course none of these business spokesmen has to deal with external creditors, and it is to these creditors that the junta has increasingly and by necessity turned for assistance. Behind the critical expressions from social interests the generals perceive the specter of the old politicos, the increasingly aggressive and ambitious Christian Democratic, National and Fascist politicians, who may in the "Karamanlis style" be prepared to sacrifice a few military heads to regain popular legitimacy.

The policies of the junta have thus far run into a dead end: to satisfy the foreign bankers and creditors who have become the government's life line they must increasingly undermine their internal social and economic allies among the industrial and petite bourgeoisie; on the other hand, without the active support of those classes, the financial assistance will little matter as it will increasingly contribute to short-term stabilization (the balance of payments) while providing more capital for speculative investment. The dilemma has led to ever higher levels of discontent within the pro-coup forces of September 1973—even among the military, despite the tight "verticality" which the top generals and admirals encourage through harsh treatment of all dissidents. No one can yet predict the lines along which the fissures within the junta will break, but as

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

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financial resources become increasingly scarce and the external pressures build for the "austerity push," the middle levels of the officer corps, along with the bulk of the public sector employees, will be principally affected. The discontent among colonels and captains could break into open opposition this winter if and when one of the top military officials makes his move to placate the inevitable public clamor against massive cutbacks (imposed on top of an already precarious standard of living). Washington, with an eye to the future, has maintained contact with a number of political figures and U.S. military intelligence is keeping close watch on internal developments within the Chilean military through its liaison agents in the "security apparatus."

The problem for many knowledgeable U.S. bankers and investors is that they do not take seriously the "productionist" rhetoric of the Chilean junta: they still see this as a "consumptionist" regime, in which too much political repression was used to achieve too many socioeconomic imbalances, with no real results in higher levels of production or efficiency. One business journal editor put it, "They have all the political vices of the Brazilians—and more—and none of the economic virtues." The high-priced imports, the profiteering and speculation by bankers and generals, as well as the small-scale extortion for political protection on the middle levels, have seriously eroded the *esprit* of the original "moralizing" efforts of the supporters of the coup.

The claim by Gen. Augusto Pinochet, head of the junta, to have institutionalized the regime rests on a fragile basis even within the military, but especially outside. The new civilian advisers in the government have a private understanding that, while the military are to be outwardly respected, they are privately despised for their incompetence and heavy-handedness. High civilian officials have confided to U.S. officials and private investors that, if the military does not return to its "normal" policing functions, it will completely unmake the economy. Similarly, many Christian Democratic politicians and industrialists, while publicly swearing their loyalty to the junta and to the September coup which "saved" the country, are working within the army and abroad to create a network which can oust the incumbents. In private conversations, the Christian Democrats and their "technocratic" allies are making the case to U.S. officials, bankers and investors that only a civilian government can bring about the national consensus needed to stabilize the financial and economic situation—knowing that this is the source of greatest concern among international funding agencies and the greatest weakness of the military.

Meanwhile, the Pinochet regime continues to detain, torture and execute leftists, apparently oblivious to the much more serious threat to its rule that is growing within its own ranks. Given the increasing debt demands (Italy and England boycotted the Paris Club talks), declining cordiality among U.S. banks, low levels of foreign investment, an industrial sector stagnating, with runaway inflation and increasing scarcities, it is only a matter of time before strong pressures emerge to junk the development strategy of "social market economy." And when that strategy is abandoned, new heads will roll, including that of the present economic team and perhaps of some military officials who tied their political fortunes too closely to disastrous economic policies. By mid-winter more than a few Chilean military officials will, in frustration, be searching for new allies and new ideas outside the closed group now in power. As matters stand today, they have few reliable allies and no new ideas with which to confront the disintegrating economy. □

ART, DEATH AND TAXES

ROY BONGARTZ

As the law stands today, any American artist who knows himself to be mortally stricken is well advised—if he has the time and energy—to destroy every work of his hand that remains unsold in his studio or workshop. If he does not, he may place his surviving family in thrall to the Internal Revenue Bureau for the rest of their lives. And the more valuable the works, the worse off his family will be.

That is because inheritance tax laws consider works of art to be exactly the same kind of property as Cadillacs or diamonds or suburban real estate. The famous case is that of the late sculptor David Smith who, up to two years before he was killed in a road crash in 1965, had made less than $5,000 a year over the previous quarter-century. But because some recent pieces had been sold for high prices, when he died his estate—a great sloping field overlooking Lake George and dotted with 425 of his welded steel sculptures—was evaluated at $5,256,918 by the IRS, which then asked for a tax bite of $2.5 million. Even if his executors had tried to sell off everything at once to pay the bill, there would never have been a way to get that much money up to Bolton Landing, where Smith lived, for such a forced sale. If Smith had had a premonition of that crash, he might have given all the stuff away, although he would have been able to deduct from his income taxes only the value of the steel in the works. Then there would have been no tax bill, but neither would he have left any estate to his two daughters. Although the Smith case ended in a court decision that made the daughters quite well off, the principle of penalizing the artist while favoring the collector persists in a law now under strong attack by artists and even some Congressmen.

Rubin Gorewitz, a New York City accountant who has made himself a champion of artists' rights, sees at the heart of the trouble a misunderstanding about the nature of art. He points out that for tax purposes all property is

Roy Bongartz, author of Twelve Chases on West 99th Street *(Houghton Mifflin), and for many years a* Nation *contributor, is completing a book on the small towns of America.*

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valued on a fair market value and that in every case except that of art the real cost of an item bears some rational relationship to this fair value. But the cost of a painting—for materials only—is a few dollars. Today, because of a recent law to which I shall come to in a moment, if an artist wants to reduce the size of his estate by giving away some of his works, he is allowed to deduct only those few dollars of cost of materials from his income tax. But as soon as he dies, and his inheritors own the works, they become worth, in the eyes of the IRS, a "fair market value," which is usually based on the highest price for which any of his paintings has ever sold.

Gorewitz notes also that for everything but art there is an established market. A diamond can be appraised and sold tomorrow for about what it is worth. A David Smith sculpture, however, must attract a buyer who likes it, and who can find his way to Bolton Landing, and who has a suitable lot or yard or garden to put it in. It cannot be hauled off to the art market because that place of trade exists only as a figure of speech. Gorewitz, who propounds many schemes for improving the lot of artists both dead and alive, claims the government ought to be satisfied to come around ghoul-like upon an artist's death, pick out, say, 10 per cent of all the work around the house, and make off with it for later display in suitable environments, such as in American embassies abroad. Or as the alternative, an artist's executors ought not to be liable for taxes on art until the art is eventually sold.

The same set of laws that artists feel rips them off upon their deaths also now prevents them from getting any tax credit from the generous disposal of their works during their lifetimes. Because of abuses of tax write-offs by such public figures as Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, who claimed tax deductions for donations of their private papers to institutions, the tax law was changed in 1970 to deny any tax credit to creators of works of historical or artistic value, except for the minimal amounts in the cost of the materials. A result of this ruling, of course, is that libraries and museums are not getting the free works of art from the artists, because the tax incentive is gone. The late Igor Stravinsky was preparing to give his $3.5-million collection of musical manuscripts to the Library of Congress when the law was changed, reducing that golden tax reduction down to the value of a few bales of scrap paper. Stravinsky withdrew the offer and put the papers up for private sale. Lee Lorenz, art editor of *The New Yorker*, says many cartoonists used to send their original drawings to the Library of Congress or to university libraries, taking a "fair market value" deduction of $100 or $200 on each work from their annual tax returns. The net effect was to raise their income a little, to keep their cramped quarters uncluttered and—mainly—to build up important collections of their work that the public could enjoy far into the future.

What particularly burns artists is that collectors can make donations of works they have bought and can take deductions up to 100 per cent of their income. If the work increases in value, collectors can also legally consider the profits as capital gains. But the artist himself is not allowed to make that kind of money on art. A business consultant to artists named Calvin J. Goodman, who has written a book entitled *Marketing Art*, says: "I find it rather bizarre that individuals of limited means should be required to support art dealers and collectors as a condition of doing business with them."

But all is not lost. Despite a faltering economy the value of art is becoming publicly recognized in many places, such as Congress, where there used to be actual hoots and jeers whenever the subject arose. Lawmakers are slowly taking notice of the fact that while the United States spends 15 cents a year per capita of government money on art, Canada is spending $1.40 and Germany $2.40. On a single question of reinstating the right of artists to a deduction for donated works, bills were drawn up last year by Sens. Frank Church (D., Idaho), Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.) and Lee Metcalf (D., Mont.), and Reps. Edward Koch (D., N.Y.), Ogden Reid (D., N.Y.), Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.) and John Brademas (D., Ind.). New bills are forthcoming in the current session. Of course, such tax write-offs are of little help to the poorer artists whose works don't sell for high prices, because an artist cannot assign a $10,000 price tag to a $25 watercolor, give it to his local nonprofit fire station, and cool his income tax for the year. Obviously, he has to prove that "fair market value." Thus a law change would not help everybody in the arts.

Comments Michael Pantaleoni, executive director of a New York City group called Volunteer Lawyers for the Arts, "The highest priority should be the needs of those artists who are barely able to live on the income received from their art. I do not believe that amending the tax code to permit market-value charitable deductions will benefit these artists. That proposal should be supported, if for no other reason, because it would greatly benefit museums and libraries." One big help for poor artists, according to Rubin Gorewitz, would be to turn them into clergymen for tax purposes, "so they can get the benefit of the Internal Revenue Code which gives them a parsonage allowance. They could deduct 100 per cent of rent and utilities. The worst artist I know is more spiritual than the best priest or rabbi I know."

Gorewitz hopes that Congress will change the law on art and taxes and then go on to a score of proposals that would raise the artist's status in many ways and even give him a *droit morale*—a kind of paternal and permanent relationship with his works that would protect them from ill treatment—a right that, as with estranged parents of children, would also provide for visitation of the painting or sculpture. He is looking for these improvements in artists' lives to come about through eventual legislation.

The last time the Congress became heavily embroiled with the arts was during the New Deal, when thousands of artists made paintings and murals and sculptures all over the country. Although there was no lack of complaints that such art was a waste of money, today many artists are hoping the climate has changed. They hope lawmakers will recall the words of Basil V. Jones, who back in the 1930s was postmaster at Pleasant Hill, Mo. When his Post Office was embellished by a federally paid artist, he wrote to thank the government in Washington: "In behalf of many smaller cities, wholly without objects of art, as ours was, may I beseech you to give them some art, more of it, whenever you find it possible to do so. How can a finished citizen be made in an artless town?" □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Shrinking of King Andrew

FATHERS AND CHILDREN: Andrew Jackson and the Subjugation of the American Indian. *By Michael Paul Rogin. Alfred A. Knopf. 373 pp. $13.95.*

PETER DREYER

The limitations of the psychoanalytic world view are nowhere more apparent than in its forays into history, and this attempt at fixing a neo-Freudian Catch-22 to the case of Andrew Jackson is a splendid example. Master hypocrite though he was, the General himself would have reached indignantly for his scalping knife at the suggestion that he be exonerated in this fashion. Wars, treaties, subterfuges, plots, Bank veto, all reduced to "the infant's revenge for oral frustration," a hapless "struggle to create a reified paternalism, to rescue sons from maternal power," waged simultaneously under the thrall of "devouring, imprisoning maternity" and a "regressive, melancholic identification" with the mother he had lost in his teens and rediscovered in his slandered wife, Rachel? The author of such fantastic contumely would have been lucky to escape with a horsewhipping. Old Hickory was a violent man—especially where his "honor" was concerned.

But Mr. Rogin does have some good points, and not the least of these is his emphasis on the importance of his subject. Though he does not go quite so far, it can well be argued that the pattern of American expansion laid down in the First Creek War of 1813-14 was continuous to the collapse of South Vietnam. Indian resistance, Rogin remarks, may have been suppressed at Wounded Knee in 1890, but "Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, and their contemporaries discovered a mission in the Caribbean and the Philippines linking industrial America to the frontier of the fathers. There on the new frontier, they fought regenerating wars." Teddy Roosevelt noted that, "Every argument that can be made for the Filipinos could be made for the Apaches." Many of the self-same arguments, both pro and con, grown more tortuous if not more subtle, could be and were made with reference to the Vietnamese in whose affairs America so disastrously involved itself. With that debacle, it may not be too much to hope, there will be no more going "abroad in search of monsters to destroy," and the Age of Jackson has belatedly drawn to a close.

Andrew Jackson was born on the Carolina frontier in 1767, the youngest son of an Irish immigrant father. The model of a self-made man, he lost almost all his immediate family at an early age, and seemed, as one eulogist wrote, "to have been an orphan from the plow to the Presidency." When he attained that office he was already 62. By then, however, he had set his willful stamp on the age as an authentic representative of the ilk of Davy Crockett, who significantly identified himself as

> fresh from the backwoods, half-horse, half-alligator, a little touched with the snapping turtle; can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride upon a streak of lightning, and slip without a scratch down a honey locust; can whip my weight in wildcats . . . hug a bear too close for comfort, and eat any man opposed to Jackson.

Jackson was the first frontier President, and the first President of thoroughly plebeian origins. He was also the first modern President in his conception of the office and his determined enlargement of executive authority. By his destruction of the Second Bank of the United States, Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris have observed, he "shifted the money center of the country from Chestnut Street to Wall Street." In innumerable ways he laid the foundations for the specifically American development of capitalism. If he was often moving in the dark, that is no reason to suppose him a sleepwalker motivated by "rage against the lost mother," glibly identified as "the mother bank." It is more to the point to say that Jackson, himself an upstart, saw in the Bank a tool of the "aristocratic neebobs" who denied frontiersmen—and new men in general—their chance.

Jackson found his way into the American elite by the hallowed route of land speculation. As a Nashville lawyer he acquired large tracts of Tennessee land, sold them in Philadelphia, and from the proceeds bought more land. Throughout the old Southwest, speculators were faced with the problem of Indian ownership. Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees and Seminoles—more than 50,000 of them, occupying more than 33 million acres—had to be got rid of if the great land grab they envisaged was to be accomplished. In 1814 Jackson's troops broke Creek power at Horseshoe Bend on the Tallapoosa River, more Indians fighting and dying in this battle than in any other in the history of Indian warfare. He followed this up by invading Florida, then turned to the defense of New Orleans against the British, which established him as "the pre-eminent American hero." The Creek War and the treaties which followed, Rogin observes, "opened the heart of the cotton kingdom for white settlement." Jackson was ultimately responsible for acquiring "three-quarters of Alabama and Florida, one-third of Tennessee, one-fifth of Georgia and Mississippi, and smaller portions of Kentucky and North Carolina." Patronage appointments flowed to his friends and relatives. Despite this, however, the author insists that

> Those who see Jackson merely as an acquisitive swindler—a confidence man—badly miss the point. He needed to ground acquisitiveness on moral bedrock. The more egregious the activity, the more he engaged in falsification of memory, denial, militant self-righteousness, and projection of his own motivations onto others.

But even conceding that he built his authority "on the unconscious falsification of memory and experience," why should a leader and a society that rejoiced in the institution of chattel slavery have hesitations about aggrandizement at the expense of the Indians? Instinctive morality simply did not extend to the "barbarous sons of the forest," any more than it did to the blacks. Neither fell within the egalitarian framework. Both were internal enemies, rather, temporarily subjugated but ever open to foreign agitation. (Tom Paine himself had conceived of England as "that barbarous and hellish power which hath stirred up the Indians and the Negroes to destroy us.") Instinctive morality and public morality are two different things. Jackson was a patriot bunco artist, doing what he felt necessary for his country and himself. The saccharine tone

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Peter Dreyer contributes book reviews regularly to various San Francisco publications. His latest book is a biography of Luther Burbank, A Gardener Touched With Genius, *which will be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan in the fall.*

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of his messages to the Indians he was liquidating was simple diplomacy. Elsewhere he observed that

> Humanity has often wept over the fate of the aborigines of this country, and philanthropy has been busily engaged in devising means to avert it, but its progress has never for a moment been arrested, and one by one have many powerful tribes disappeared from the earth. To follow to the land the last of his race and to tread on the graves of extinct nations excites melancholy reflections. But true philanthropy reconciles the mind to these vicissitudes, as it does to the extinction of one generation to make room for another.

This is a fascinating study, although the neo-Freudian mold into which Rogin endeavors to cram his subject frequently distorts far more than it clarifies. The ultimate tendency of psychoanalysis is the abrogation of responsibility. Because some guilt is imaginary, all guilt is held to be unreal. Though he does not actually assert that Jackson was insane, Rogin goes a long way toward implying it. He is drawn into doing so by the very nature of his premises. For if men are not to be held responsible for their own acts, they are by definition mad or enslaved. This is a profoundly reactionary point of view, deriving from a medical determinism that is rooted in a denial of free will. It is also conceptually obsolete. □

Reconnaissance After the War

MEN IN BATTLE. *By Alvah Bessie. Chandler & Sharp Publishers. 387 pp. $6.95.*

SPAIN AGAIN. *By Alvah Bessie. Chandler & Sharp Publishers. 228 pp. $5.95.*

AL RICHMOND

"Spain," writes Alvah Bessie, "became the focus of my life, the zenith and the nadir, the past, the present and the future."

He writes this in his latest book, *Spain Again*, the account of an eight-week visit to Spain in 1967, the first in almost thirty years, to work as an assistant scriptwriter and bit actor for a Spanish film company. But the reference is to his previous journey, when he went to fight for the Spanish Republic as a soldier in the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, an experience that was recorded in *Men in Battle*, published in 1939.

In a burst of imagination the publishers of his latest work simultaneously produced a new edition of the earlier book, thereby performing a dual service —making *Men in Battle* available once more and offering the singularly evocative juxtaposition of the companion volumes.

Men in Battle remains the best descriptive narrative of the Spanish Civil War to be written by a combatant, or by anyone else for that matter. It ranks with the best narratives of war, fictional or reportorial; vivid and honest, it conveys the chaos and cruelty of war, the obscenity and profanity, the filth, the pain, the death, the physical exhaustion and the emotional drain, the camaraderie, the episodes of heroism and the instances of demoralization. If these are universal attributes, Bessie also communicates the uniqueness of the International Brigades, a community of ideologically motivated and committed men, fighting for a cause. But in doing so he refrains from political rhetoric. He had enough respect for his comrades in arms, for the dead men he loved, to write truthfully about them.

It was not easy to write truthfully because these men were defeated and decimated in battle. Bessie's own introduction to the front was not exactly a baptism in combat; it was immersion in the disastrous retreats of March-April 1938, on the Aragon front. As he records it, the XVth (International) Brigade went into action with about 2,000 men and came out with 1,300; the Lincoln Battalion went in with 500, came out with 120. At least there were only 120 when the battalion first regrouped and mail finally caught up with it. ". . . We sat crouched around a lighted match under a blanket in a deep ditch, while . . . [the mailman] went through the mail. He read hundreds of names, but only about fifteen men claimed letters. It took him half an hour to read all the names on the letters, and after the first few times nobody would say, 'Dead' or 'Missing'; we just kept silent."

Except for the short-lived summer offensive across the Ebro River, war for Bessie (and the battalion) in 1938 consisted of trying to hold militarily untenable positions under murderous artillery fire, or retreating, with a fatality (not just casualty) rate that approximated 50 per cent. The statistic only suggests the mounting pressure upon the individual soldier, for war is, among other things, also a contest for survival, and the odds were very bad. Bessie tells all that in graphic detail, the whine of artillery shells and the stench of corpses still fresh in his senses, and yet, without embellishment or contrivance, he achieves affirmation, both of the cause for which he fought and, as trite as it might sound, of its ultimate triumph on Spanish soil. Except that in 1939 he did not know it would take so long.

This brings us to *Spain Again*. Bessie's passion might be unique but in some measure his commitment to Spain's liberation from Fascist tyranny is shared by a significant portion of his generation. Spain represented the quintessential cause in the time of their youth, and recent news fans the hope that the Spanish people will soon reclaim what they fought for so gallantly in 1936-39. To the degree that American public opinion can contribute to that eventuality, either by supporting the Spanish resistance or by thwarting Washington's efforts to salvage the Fascist regime, Bessie's two volumes have current political meaning.

On another plane, however, the two books bracket the prime life span of an entire generation, and although Bessie is not its typical protagonist (who is?), some of his experience is representative, especially of that generation's Left flank. A few years after he went to Spain to fight, he went to Hollywood to write film scripts. But not for long. In 1947 he was summoned before the House Committee on Un-American Activities; as one of the Hollywood Ten he was among the earliest and most celebrated victims of what was later to be dubbed McCarthyism. Being a Red writer in Hollywood circa 1950 bore a remote resemblance to being a Red soldier on Hill 666 in the Sierra Pandolls in 1938; the position was exposed, the enemy commanded overwhelming superiority of fire power. The penalty was not death, but there was a year in prison, followed by a much longer sentence to the blacklist and the consequent scramble for a living. All that also formed the sensibilities of the man who went back to Spain in 1967.

The most admirable thing about *Spain Again* is the fidelity to what Spain symbolized the first time. The man was badly thrashed twice, in Spain and in Hollywood; coincidentally, there were

Al Richmond is a West Coast journalist and a former editor of People's World. *He is the author of* A Long View from the Left: Memoirs of an American Revolutionary (*Houghton Mifflin Co.*).

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SUN

In June the sun is a bonnet of light
Coming up,
Little by little,
From behind a skyline of pine.

The pastures sway with fiddleneck,
Tassels of foxtail.

At Piedra
A couple fish on the river's edge,
Their shadows deep against the water.
Above, in the stubbled slopes,
Cows climb down
As the heat rises
In a mist of blond locusts,
Returning to the valley.

Gary Soto

other lacerations, political and personal, but here he is again (or still), involved in the war that, in its original form, is long finished, but in its substance goes on.

Alongside such continuity there are also contrasts, which entail risks. The writer in his 60s is not what he was in his early 30s. Making a film is not the same as fighting a war. Franco Spain in 1967, poised on the threshold of its "economic miracle" (attesting to Spain's backwardness by being later and more deformed than other "economic miracles" in Western Europe), is vastly different from the Spain of 1938. The second book is not what the first one was.

Three threads are interwoven in the work. One is memory, especially fertile on a tour of old battle scenes along the Ebro River. Having very well recorded long ago the things remembered, he prudently refrains from attempting to improve or embroider his recollections. What is new, then, is the emotion that attends remembrance, but Bessie does not probe his emotional responses, which would have required the introspection of a far more self-conscious autobiographical statement than he essayed in this modest volume.

A second thread consists of his observations of contemporary Spain. He has a sense of paradox, an eye for contradiction. His journey was conceived in paradox, for the film-writing job in Fascist Spain was the first he had been offered since being blacklisted in Hollywood. Moreover, the film was about an American doctor who had served with the Republican Army in the Spanish Civil War, and who returns to Barcelona for an international medical congress. Deference to the Fascist censorship precluded any statement of credo by the principal character, but he is portrayed in the film as a sympathetic, decent human being, which is strange enough in itself because in Francoist history such men had served the "enemy," the legions of the Communist anti-Christ. As if that were not enough, a real live "enemy" (the worst of enemies because the members of the International Brigades were Moscow devils incarnate) is imported by a prize-winning Barcelona film director to write dialogue for the fictional "enemy." This situation already suggests that Spanish totalitarianism is not quite as total as it seems from afar or as it presumably would like to be.

This impression is heightened by the Bessies' encounters (his wife, Sylvianne, was his companion) with a variety of Spaniards, by the symptoms he perceived of a pervasive, viable underground resistance movement, which made it relatively easy to obtain an assortment of illegal publications. What emerges from his casual yet suggestive experiences is the sense of a volatile opposition beneath the surface and a regime beset by contradictions.

It is not possible to tell how close all this is to the classical "revolutionary crisis" in which the rulers are no longer able to rule and the governed refuse to acquiesce any longer. To complement his personal witness of the indications of such a possibility Bessie draws on the available public record, which comprises the third thread of his work, and is capped by a concise summary of the political situation in Spain, of the evidence of a formidable, growing and increasingly united opposition, as well as of the regime's savage reprisals.

Almost forty years ago now Spain placed its deep imprint on much of mankind's conscience. Since then a terrible catalogue of crimes and horrors has been inscribed on that conscience. But conscience—and consciousness—are not blackboards which require the erasure of what is on them to make way for fresh inscriptions. Bessie attests to that. □

The Author of the Malgudi Novels

MY DAYS: A Memoir. *By R.K. Narayan. The Viking Press. 186 pp. $8.95.*

MELVIN J. FRIEDMAN

R.K. Narayan is an old-fashioned storyteller who appears to be quite innocent of fictional theory and technique. Ved Mehta aptly speaks of "the magic of his unpretentious, almost unliterary novels." Narayan's work seems to resemble very little written during the past forty years —the period when he fashioned his ten novels and numerous short stories. This notion is fortified by a remark the South Indian novelist made to Ved Mehta (and which he repeated in *My Days*): "I don't read much, because I don't want to be influenced." Still I might suggest a certain similarity, especially in narrative habit, between Narayan and Isaac Bashevis Singer. Both seem part of an oral tradition in which the "spoken" triumphs over the "written." Just as Singer's prose is sometimes haunted by the rhythm of the Old Testament, especially in a novel like *The Slave*, so in a less precise way does Narayan's language seem to have something in common with the Indian epics. (Three years ago, interestingly enough, Narayan published what he called "a shortened modern prose version" of *The Ramayana.*) Certainly, Singer's *shtetl* dwellers have different problems from Narayan's inhabitants of Malgudi, but they do have in common a healthy respect for the sacred and the unknown.

Singer, it must be said, offers nothing quite like the self-enclosed universe of Malgudi. This mythically etched South Indian town ("the domain of Narayan's imagination," as Ved Mehta calls it) is the setting of all the novels. Many of them could easily be subtitled "Fathers and Sons." The first two novels, *Swami and Friends* (1935) and *The Bachelor of Arts* (1937), are told from the vantage point of the son. Taken together they become a kind of *Bildungsroman* of a South Indian boy coming of age and learning how to cope with his family and with the world.

Later novels, like *The Financial Expert* (1952) and *The Vendor of Sweets* (1967), present the father's point of view. Margayya, the hero of the former, has as his credo: "Money alone is important in this world. Everything else will come to us naturally if we have money in our purse." However, "next to the subject of money, the greatest burden on his mind was his son." That

Melvin Friedman, a professor of comparative literature and English at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, has recently published William Styron *(Bowling Green University Press) and the second edition of* Samuel Beckett Now *(University of Chicago Press). He will be a Fulbright professor at the University of Antwerp beginning January 1976.*

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wayward son disappoints him at every turn, just as Jagan's does in *The Vendor of Sweets*. The difference is that Jagan lives almost uniquely for his son, even to the point of abandoning his reading of the *Bhagavad-Gita* in favor of the air-mail letters which he periodically receives from this son during his stay in America.

Narayan's fathers often have literary and quasi-literary vocations and avocations. They are usually seen in proximity to printers. Thus Margayya emerges from near poverty with the printing of a book he purchased from a mysterious Dr. Pal, which has quite enviable sales. Jagan never ceases to inquire from his printer about the status of "his *magnum opus* on Nature Cure and Natural Diet"—which seems destined never to see the light of day. This same printer, Nataraj, is the narrator and one of the principal characters in *The Man-Eater of Malgudi* (1961), and his printing shop is the setting for much of the action. Srinivas, in *Mr. Sampath* (1949), edits a weekly paper, *The Banner*, in a room he rents above his printer.

Narayan's most accomplished novel, *The Guide* (1958), is just about the only one exempt from these concerns. And it is, narratively, the only one which at all satisfies our taste for the experimental. Through most of the book Narayan cleverly alternates a third-person description of Raju's present life with a first-person narration by Raju himself of events leading up to these circumstances. Something resembling counterpoint is achieved. The relatively stable third-person telling, which advances very little in time, keeps confronting the more fluid first-person movement. The story itself concerns the ragged existence of a charming trickster who goes under the name of "Railway Raju." After serving a prison sentence, he emerges as a *Vadhyar* (teacher) and an unwilling holy man and martyr.

The author of *The Guide* and nine other novels writes about himself in *My Days*. One should, ideally, have read a good part of the fiction before one approaches this memoir. Narayan's life and his work are very much of a piece.

His early *Wanderjahre* were singularly uneventful, as they never allowed him to "break out of the triangular boundary of Madras, Mysore, and Coimbatore." He was brought up in Madras by a grandmother and uncle; he saw his parents, brothers and sisters during holidays, and only later came to live with them permanently. He kept a succession of pets who met unappetizing ends. He was a less than dedicated student who maintained his indifference to things academic through a B.A. degree which he received at the rather advanced age (for India) of 23. His brief flirtations with teaching and journalism convinced him that he must earn his keep as a writer of fiction.

My Days is an excellent companion piece to *My Dateless Diary* (1960), which is Narayan's record of his first trip to America in 1956. (In fact, several pages of this work—which was published in Mysore and is difficult to get hold of—are quoted in *My Days*.)

Narayan's even-tempered reminiscing about his life is disrupted when he speaks of his wife's early death from typhoid and its numbing aftermath. This tragedy is especially unsettling when one measures it against the irreverent circumstances which led up to the ill-fated marriage: experts on the subject had declared that the horoscopes of Rajam and Narayan were incompatible; the author comments wryly on this bit of superstition, "What really mattered was not my economic outlook, but my stars." In the end, curiously, it was the "evil of [his] stars" which seems to have undone him.

This interlude is perhaps the most fascinating part of *My Days* and reveals Narayan's quite considerable skills as a memoirist. It has striking relevance to the fiction because the events of Rajam's death and Narayan's subsequent "conversion" to spiritualism became the subject of his most completely autobiographical novel, *The English Teacher* (1945). The concern with matching horoscopes as a primary condition of marriage had already been given a prominent place in *The Bachelor of Arts* and was later treated somewhat whimsically in *The Financial Expert*.

My Days reveals again and again how closely related are Narayan's life and his work. His indifferent habits as a student have found their way into *Swami and Friends* and *The Bachelor of Arts*. Narayan's "drunken uncle" turned up briefly as the reckless Kailas in part three of *The Bachelor of Arts*. The uncle who helped rear him during his early years in Madras gains a more sympathetic fictional alter ego in the person of Srinivas in *Mr. Sampath*. The obsession with printers and printing in the novels seems to have something to do with Narayan's own venture into editing a quarterly, *Indian Thought*, which lasted four numbers. There are many other instances of this convergence of life and literature.

My Days, then, should be read in close concert with the fiction. It is not always interesting in its own right

ALVAH BESSIE

Men in Battle 6.95

Spain Again 5.95

(See Al Richmond's review in this issue.)

Bessie has been a tough nut, a rebel, a hard-nosed, strong-headed individualist. He has gone against the grain all his life. But his time is coming. His work has touched and has lasted as an influence with more people than he will ever know. Of a higher order of value and importance than all but a handful of the writers of his generation, he alone of that time has remained the artist engaged against the machine.

What Alvah Bessie brings to writing is the poet's sense of beauty and the sound and feeling of words, the novelist's sense of drama, the reporter's sense of detail and the scholar's sense of politics, history and culture. Without that final point, his other gifts would be less impressive. Bessie tells us what he saw and what it was like, and because he understands *why* it was like that and *what* was going on (not just on that hillside when he was under fire) his work teaches as it grips you.

. . . . there is no one writing in the English language today who can put down on paper the combination of art and instruction he can. No one. by Ralph J. Gleason in Rolling Stone, 5/8/75

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in the way that an autobiographical work like Isaac Bashevis Singer's *In My Father's Court* manages to be. The latter focuses on the Talmudic excesses of the author's rabbinical father during Singer's early years, while *My Days* wanders episodically over much of the lifetime of a 67-year-old writer. The treatment of the last twenty or twenty-five years is disappointingly sketchy. Perhaps Narayan has saved this period for a later autobiographical installment.

Indeed, most frustrating of all is the failure of *My Days* to reveal very much about how the novels and stories were composed. We get only infrequent glimpses of the writer's workshop. Perhaps the most valuable view we get of his working habits is in the section Narayan quotes from *My Dateless Diary*. Here he describes the writing of *The Guide* during a three-month stay in Berkeley, Calif. Flaubert would probably have been shocked at this description of the novelist at work:

> Whatever the method, my mind has no peace unless I have written at the end of the day nearly two thousand words. Between breakfast and lunch I manage five hundred words, and while the rice on the stove is cooking, a couple of hundred, and after lunch once again till six, with interruptions to read letters and reply to them, or to go out for a walk along the mountain path, or meet and talk to one or the other of my many friends here. . . .

My Days should serve the useful purpose of attracting more readers to the fiction of R.K. Narayan. The Malgudi novels deserve more attention in this country than they have received. □

WHEN HOWITZERS BEGAN

When howitzers began
the fish darted downward
to weeds and rocks,
dark forms almost motionless
in darkness; yet they were
stunned and again
stunned
and again and
again, until their lives loosened,
spreading
the darker darkness
over the river.

Hayden Carruth

A Sort of Reckless Grandeur

STUDIES FOR AN ACTRESS AND OTHER POEMS. *By Jean Garrigue. The Macmillan Company. 85 pp. $6.95. Paper $1.95.*

JANE MAYHALL

At the heart of Jean Garrigue's poetry was the fight against limitation. She abstained from joining trends. She even refused to name a trend a trend. When Marianne Moore noted that if Garrigue had ever met a Philistine, the "imprint of any such meeting has not been left on her," Moore was wittily adjacent to the point. Jean Garrigue's was a spacious view of art. To her, any convenient or glib portrayal (even of the insidious Philistine) was a bore. Her impatience was to get *beyond* whatever tried to predict, control or explain.

Needless to say, poetry was never for Garrigue a stick with which to beat the world. Nor was it a retreat for private mesmerizings. The impetus was to overcome barriers, to eliminate conventional borders; and finally, among the dangerously deep levels of self, to transform, reinterpret, change. The necessity was to contact the phenomenological realities in all their dazzle, variousness, flux.

It is along these lines particularly that her new book, *Studies for an Actress and Other Poems*, makes its special impression on the reader. In this, presumably her last book (she died in December 1973, but left enough unpublished poems for several more volumes), there is a sort of reckless grandeur. Its openness of vision makes for a monumental effect. Part of that impression is achieved, of course, by means of linguistic skill. In "The Grand Canyon," whose long-stanza breadth was suggested in the earlier "Pays Perdu," it appears that Garrigue can unearth continents of language single-handedly:

. . . rusticated building blocks jutting
out in warlike ramification of forts,
stockades of black frosted rock,
towers of baldness mounting like
obelisks,
pyramidal forms from the sands of
Egypt,
crabs vertiginous, cupolas, alcoves,
amphitheatres, arenas, organ pipes,
flyings,
porches of rocks, wedges of shadow in
perforated rock,
and the gold of the light nervously
darting
on the bright angel shale, pink with
long stripes. . . .

In these lines, the music is impeccable; the pictorial qualities cohere. If it were only by technical virtuosity, this book could be her most important. In what appears to be effortless, there is considerable art. From "Grief Was to Go Out, Away":

It is the poignancy of tests
That we strike fire at the source.
At farewell that we clasp what we
know,
And as if we were dying, run to
embrace
Our life lying out there, misadventured, abstruse.
In the great wedge of light beamed
forth—

The joys of artisanship are not the main import, however. Jean Garrigue intensely has something to say. And if she outraces vogues, trends, manners, she also surpasses herself. She is breaking the mold, renewing the form. For quite a time (since 1944) she has been considered an important American lyric poet. In *Studies for an Actress and Other Poems*, there is the introduction of a "dramatic thrust." The drama is overt in such a poem as "Why the Heart Has Dreams Is Why the Mind Goes Mad," a vivid analysis of Chekhov's *The Seagull*, a play within a play.

From the first poem, "Song in Sligo," beginning

I had a bear that danced,
A monkey on a stick,
A dog that begged,
A cat that moused. . . .

(the actors are clearly human, and not animal, personages) to the last poem in the book, each poem is strong in narrative plot.

Her dreameries had been raided.
To the utmost rag and bone they had
been hauled
Over the coals and up the flagpoles for
inspection,
To their limits they had been exposed
And all but sneeringly investigated.
Therefore what to do?
Invasions like this are of a classic port,
Our histories tell them to the last re-
doubt
Of unjustified sacking and not one
stone left.
Hers was not the same case,
It was not Oven Cleaner against Mace
And massed blue faces, snipers in-
visibly
Picking off your poor Jack, the place
so broad
Hostilities had everywhere to hide. . . .

This passage, from "For Such a Bird He Had No Convenient Cage," is modern not because of its reference to the

Jane Mayhall's most recent book of poems is called Givers & Takers 2 (*Eakins Press*).

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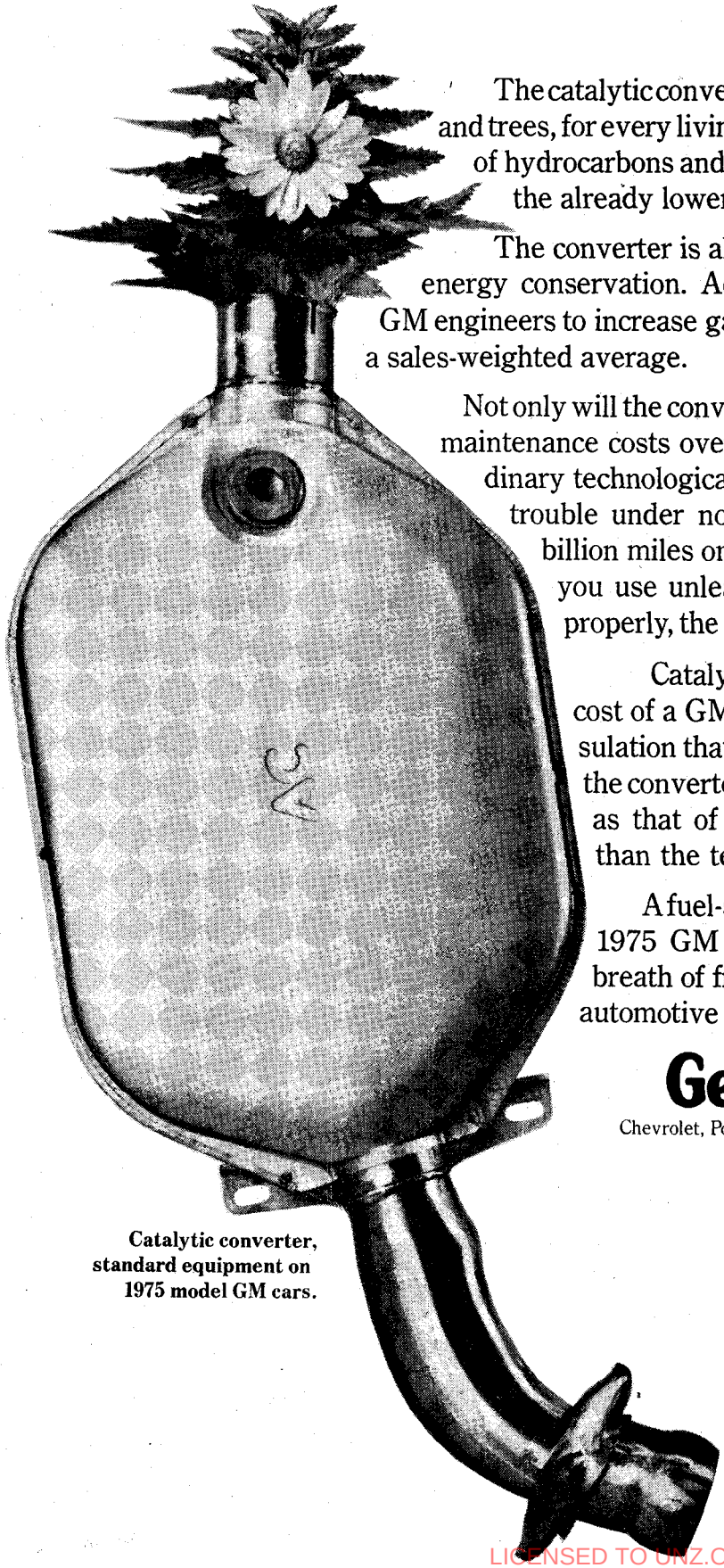

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murder of President Kennedy; it is modern because of its psychological insights about our daily lives. Garrigue explores the atmosphere of sadness and sickness infecting consciousness. Something worse than social breakdown is making us sick:

It was not the roving muggers and armed bands,
The keeping up of nerve which meant increase
Of the not-thinking or—odorous consequence
From all the crooked coldness, emptiness
That slacks the purpose in a waste of war,
It was less erect and more elect than that. . . .

The condition eating us up is that of "friends retreating into wordlessness. . . ." More dreadful than "muggers" and "wars" is the inability to speak against them. This, according to the poem, is the real disease of our time, and the worst to endure. Like "love going back on what it has said," we seem to witness the demise of moral hope. Ironically, our feeling for others and (implicit) admiration for their "bravery" proves to be the lethal force:

It was the pain of others beginning to show through,
It was the Angst *about their almost inhuman bravery,*
It was hearing the wound gnaw in them,
Phagocytes at the stormed body.

The final line throws into perspective a physical sense of horror, whose meaning is despair.

But something sticks in the mind. Actually, the "phagocyte" on which the denouement rests is a bacterium, whose ambiguity is in being not only life-destructive but in having the ability to destroy "waste and harmful material" (*Merriam-Webster*). We are summoned not to a dead-end finish but to the unending struggle of transformation.

In a preface to an early group of poems (New Directions, Third Series, 1944) Jean Garrigue described the poet's interests as being "many-jointed." She refers to facts "in the jostle and evaporation" as having "quartz-sides." She posits a vision of "new analogues," "disparities," "cousinships." Through ten books and thirty-five years, she faithfully transmitted the odd runics of thought. Rainer Maria Rilke, at once so ancient, so inchoate and so modern, took language to the threshold where she entered. Garrigue maintained access to the dark soliloquies of her own being, while participating in the world:

Act, damn you! It is this you were meant for
Opening the door to the sweating shadow
Quickly, quietly in the structured maze.
In the structured maze they *have structured?*
But criminals of your own gut, the will coming apart
Are always at the next corner. . . .

If she is talking to herself, she is equally addressing her epoch. This book is marked with civic rage. "Lead in the Water" and "On Going by Train to White River Junction" reflect her hatred of big business, big government, as well as bad taste and mob dictum.

Yet in another type of social poem, Garrigue attempts an almost impossible feat: to write affirmatively on an affirmative subject. "Resistance Meeting: Boston Common" is perhaps the nearest to propaganda she ever came: ". . . if we are to believe what we read about the faceless ruled by the faithless. . . ." As soon as she hits the truth, she lets it go, not as a relinquishment of certitude but with an awareness not unlike that of William Blake. "Never seek to tell thy love" states the case; "Love that never told can be" contains a form of functional wisdom.

In the vehement and philosophically complex "The Improbable—The Particular/The Probable—The Universal" Garrigue comes as near as anywhere to saying in plain language where lives her real desire, in poetry and life:

. . . I'd have
the paradoxes met!
I'd entertain the contradictions
We admire in books, I'd make an art
Of wedding opposites that hate. . . .

Eight lines before, she speaks of

That orphan doctrine of the Sphinx
To which I'd add the want
Of an elusive Fealty. . . .

alluding to Oedipus of the "orphan doctrine," and suggests that we ourselves have no parent tradition, or understanding of who we are. If we are to be loyal to something, the allegiance will have to remain "elusive."

The title poem, "Studies for an Actress," and the last in the book, "Moondial," are masterpieces. In "Studies," the dramatic method is in the first flashback, "What has she known, how may our hearts surmise?" The theme was suggested by Garrigue's having heard the singer, Galina Visnevaka, in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. The actress is seen from the wings:

One instant then, and she has veered
When those light things called thoughts
Solidify, grow obdurate as rock,
She flees all action now, she has gone in
Upon a demi-day that sinks toward night. . . .

What becomes apparent through the action and the many characters of the actress, her vacillation between strength and weakness, is the struggle between a mortal being and the creative principle. "She pulls against, and yet is driven by. . . ." To presume to "act" has as its basis a concept of will and choice. This is the engaging torment, that one may have the freedom to create and control the effect one makes—and, in a limited way, one's fate. But, on the other hand, it is the self-same control that dictates unreality, self-doubt, cynicism. "And what but the mind sustains the cross-grained theme?"

The warring elements are not solved. But rather, they are *dis*solved.

She prays if nothing else to be
In some dissolving medium of light,
A pond that's set to catch the arrowy beams,
Reflective and obedient as that.

The emotion sounds religious, but is rather the psychological fusing of intelligence and fervor:

She prays to praise. She prays to be
Condensed now to one desire
As if it were very life performing her.

Not a salute to death, but rather a merging with nature. In Jean Garrigue's last year on earth, it appears that her idea of becoming one with multiple physical realities acquired greater and greater force. It was never the lip service to humility that so many poets simulate, or a role of suicidal submission. In Garrigue, it was the practice of bringing into focus her utmost strength, and covering enormous psychic territory.

What might have seemed tentative in her previous work in this volume shows the fruits of a scrupulous wisdom. Looking back, one can say she was no more tentative than a composer holding in his head many keys to modulations. Indeed, in *Studies for an Actress and Other Poems*, one is reminded from a textural standpoint of the late madrigals of Monteverdi. With all her resources of polyphony, and almost voluptuous love of contrasts, Garrigue developed her own poetic principles to their furthest results.

The final poem, "Moondial," is extraordinary. It is the uncanny superimposing of one state of mind upon another, of day upon night, of vanished love upon its yet fertile moonlit presence. And it is death shelved under life, and again the very meaning of memory. The ecstasy seems to verge on derangement, to have knowledge of so much at once, and to accept what the world implies, in all its mystery and relations. Jean Garrigue did nothing by

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half-measures. If the thought seems "fissured" and strange, she was confronting in herself a band of consciousness that many writers are aware of, and few will ever admit.

Such openness (paradoxically) was no path to the safe enclosure, or to stability. It was, I think, Garrigue's bizarre and constant sense of the affinity of things that produced the need, stylistically, ideologically, to ride the world alone. She didn't fit into our restricted, mean and clever time—and didn't want to. In the end, this is a very incautious book, though in the last poem one might never guess it. The last words are sensuous, strong. They suggest a mood of calm, seraphic healing:

I raise again these moon-splashed fields,
Like half-remembered legends I recount
How apparitions skeined us in a coil
Where wholly given, wholly found,
Our beings' threads were wound.
Secessions, then, by sun!
But not from the One. □

Restoring Chaos to History

THE SHAPE OF EUROPEAN HISTORY. *By William H. McNeill. Oxford University Press. 181 pp. $7.50.*

JOHN TAYLOR

Given the entire catalogue of human folly for their professional contemplation, historians ought to be a cheerful lot, unmoved by the alarms that keep the rest of us in turmoil. Perhaps in a true time they would be, but lately they have become corrupted by the prevailing melancholy and nostalgia.

Professor McNeill, for example, recalls the days when his dauntless tribe was among the most successful at rounding up the undergraduate buffalo, and naturally he regrets the "statistical fact that interest in and positive response to what we have to say has been diminishing among students, and at a rather rapid rate." To rally his fellow braves, McNeill warns of impending catastrophe in which "the profession will slowly assimilate itself to the posture and role currently enjoyed by professors and teachers of classics." Of course it could be argued that disestablishment did the classics no end of good, and it is at least conceivable that historical studies might benefit too if in similar fashion they were forced to become disinterested. In his dismay at the prospect of losing caste, McNeill overlooks this possibility, but even though his anxieties seem faintly absurd they are worth putting up with. For they have prompted him to reconsider "the overall shape and proportion" of his subject and the result is this admirable book.

McNeill discerns in the cult of the monograph and "the multiplication of specialisms" a loss of faith that no historian can afford to ignore. Since the turn of the century, three generations of historical scholarship in the English-speaking world have been sustained by the half-conscious belief that European history is not at all the chaos it sometimes seems, that on the contrary it is to be interpreted in the light of an organizing principle, namely, the triumphant advance of political liberty and of liberal institutions. No one any longer believes anything of the sort and yet the collective failure to propose an alternative hypothesis has reduced European history to a mass of meaningless detail. Unimpressed with the uses of what appears to be mere antiquarianism, students have "deserted in droves." If a new "architectonic vision" can reverse the trend, surely McNeill's deserves respectful attention.

The "shape" of the European past, as McNeill defines it, becomes intelligible if we accept that "through the larger part of recorded history the main drive wheel of historical change was contacts among strangers, causing men on both sides of such encounters to reconsider and in some cases to alter their familiar ways of behaving. Such contacts and the reactions to them generated civilizations." Commendable not only for its clarity, this thesis affords the author some provocative insights when he applies it to 5,000 years of European history.

Perhaps one or two examples will be enough to illustrate McNeill's powers of explanation. It appears that the economic (and therefore the cultural) development of northern Europe was delayed until the introduction of moldboard agriculture. Even though the moldboard plow was far more appropriate to northern soils than the Mediterranean scratch plow it replaced, the peasants resisted it and for an understandable reason. Scratch-plow cultivation is best accomplished in square fields, whereas the moldboard requires long, narrow plots so that the furrows achieve proper drainage. For centuries the changeover was obstructed by smallholders who were unwilling to risk a redistribution of land for the sake of benefits that at best seemed uncertain. No doubt their resistance would have continued much longer had it not been undercut by the Vikings, who in the course of their depredations happened to destroy the incentive to maintain ancient field boundaries.

John Taylor is a free-lance writer who lives and works in New York.

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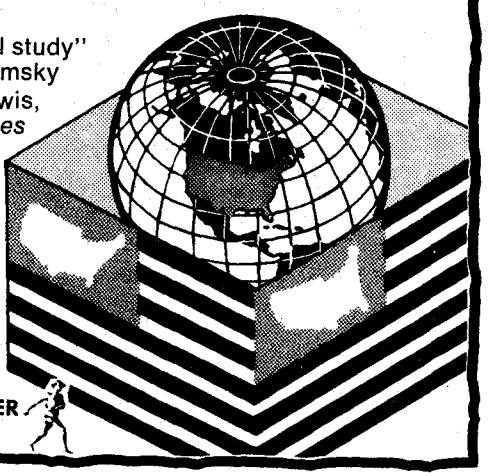
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The consequences made a fundamental difference to the future character of European society. For moldboard cultivation, unlike the method it replaced, was necessarily a collective undertaking, and McNeill speculates that obligatory training in cooperation on the farm may explain why Europeans developed a notable talent for inventing guilds, parliaments and corporations of all kinds. Though the peasants should be excused for failing to appreciate the experience, their encounter with the Vikings was apparently fruitful.

In a similar, and perhaps less plausible, fashion McNeill suggests that the Common Market owes its success in part to Hitler's seizure of Europe. During the heyday of the Third Reich, Europeans by the trainload were bundled across national frontiers to work in distant factories, and it was the memory of that very experience, so the argument goes, that helped to stimulate the free circulation of labor within the community. Other explanations of Europe's economic recovery may be more compelling, but few are likely to be more ingenious.

The trouble with ingenuity is that it tends to invite skepticism, and this is one reason McNeill's thesis is less than wholly convincing. It seems that whenever strangers meet in his version of European history the end result is beneficial, if not right away, then surely in the long run. This pervasive, unavowed optimism may be warranted for the most part, yet from time to time it leaves the reader wondering what to make of those encounters that in retrospect appear to have been regrettable.

For example, European penetration of the New World was in many ways a disaster for the conquerors and the conquered alike. Can it be said that the subjugation of the Indians was really all for the best? Most of them died, and to make up for the loss of manpower, the Europeans enslaved millions of Africans. It is scarcely necessary to comment on the consequences except to point out that whatever the main political tendency may have been in early modern Europe, it was not in the direction of slavery. Yet slavery was eagerly adopted by the Europeans once they had discovered vulnerable populations abroad. Thus it appears that some encounters are less beneficial than others, but by what criteria are these various confrontations to be sorted out?

McNeill's failure to deal with this question makes it unlikely that his thesis will seduce large numbers of undergraduates into the pursuit of historical studies. It is not that his view of the past lacks interest. On the contrary, to regard civilization as in large part the product of chance encounters is quite refreshing. What the proposition lacks, however, is emotional appeal.

Of all the forms of human knowledge, the historical often seems the most uncertain. This is not to say that historians traffic in pure conjecture, for instances of dispassionate agreement among them on what the evidence is and what it probably means have actually been known to occur. Nevertheless, their efforts yield such a mass of contradictions that the student naturally wants some reassurance before taking very much historical learning on board. If it was false to suppose that human society was evolving toward an ever more perfect realization of political liberty, and that the evidence of such progress was already in hand, it was undeniably comforting. By contrast, why bother with historical knowledge and its irremediable uncertainty if we are to be told that when strangers meet the consequences are sometimes good, sometimes bad, and sometimes unimportant?

This may in fact be all that historians feel entitled to say, at least for the time being. But eventually they will find a hypothesis to replace the myth of progress. Even if they eschew McNeill's impassivity, they will owe much to his bold demonstration that the past really does illuminate the present. □

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MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

With the obvious (though hardly unproblematic) exception of an occasional operatic production, television has not impinged greatly on musical life and thought. The visual presentation of concert music has most frequently focused on personality—the "inspired" conductor, demonic, ecstatic, authoritarian, or whatever—with the mechanics of instrumental execution furnishing incidental sideshows, although there is sometimes also added the architecture ploy (Bach played in High Baroque surroundings, though not necessarily in High Baroque style). The visual message is generalized, external, "uplifting," but rarely addressed to the internal progress of the specific musical work, while the sonic output of the average TV set further diminishes music's capacity to dominate those seductive, fundamentally irrelevant images.

The series of half-hour programs produced by The Music Project for Television (shown recently by NET in New York and other cities) demonstrates that considerably more is possible. Producer-director Allan Miller has devised a series of varied visual strategies that succeed in presenting music as music rather than as a soundtrack for hero worship or scenery, and has also reinvented for television the genuine sense

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WHITE SEA

In darkness
A diamond is heavy and dull
In the light the brightness within
Shines out
Visible
The radiance dissolves the hard
Surface
Those who do not close their eyes
Sail in the wind of the white sea

Byron Leonard

of communality that is a central part of the experience of good "live" music. Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, was filmed at the Kansas City equivalent of a Rug Concert, and the intent faces of the youthful audience are intercut with carefully chosen images of orchestra and conductor, the montage nearly always sensitively adjusted to the pace, tone and structure of the score: for once, this is a visual background to music. Tempting details are not dwelt upon: those distracting vignettes of orchestral by-play or audience inattention that delight the average cameraman. The viewer-listener is offered, at one level, a strong and continuing image of fierce concentration on the part of all concerned and, at another, a film metaphor for the work. Particularly effective are the shots of deserted corners of the Cowtown Ballroom in the aftermath of Tchaikovsky's climax; although some might object to showing that the hall is less than full (bad PR for classical music), the emotional tone is precisely right.

Another Miller program, "The Secret Life of an Orchestra" is really about the experience of playing in an orchestra, not about the Overture to Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, a Denver Symphony rehearsal of which is made the framework for comments by players on the frustration and rewards of their occupation. Perhaps I should have been bothered when the show ended without the piece having been played straight through—but I wasn't, for the focus of the program had been perfectly clear from the start. In an age when many people (especially TV viewers) hear most of their music electronically and impersonally, the message of this program seems especially valuable.

Two other programs were devoted to contemporary works (I did not see "A Wizard With Sound," and the series of six was rounded off with a rerun of the remarkably successful *Bolero* film of two years ago). George Crumb's *Ancient Voices of Children*, theatrical to begin with, lends itself very well to semi-dramatic treatment, simply an intensification of its basic nature. Miller adds a dancer to the two vocalists (mezzo Jan DeGaetani and a boy soprano), the camera flowing between these "actors" and the various attention-getting actions of the instrumentalists (the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Arthur Weisberg conducting), which are often further colored with special groupings and lighting. Crumb's delicate sounds are visually pinpointed with equivalent delicacy, and Miss DeGaetani reads translations of the Lorca poems before each movement—in this case, although possibly not always, a satisfactory solution to the foreign-text problem.

In the program devoted to Karel Husa's *Music for Prague (1968)*, Miller made some use of distorted images, which I found at first distracting—they were novel to me, and I couldn't help wondering how they were achieved—but that is probably a superficial and temporary problem: it is high praise indeed to note that this was virtually the only time during the four programs when the picture tore me away from the sound. Wisely, newsreel clips and geographical specificity were reserved for the composer's spoken introduction, avoiding a surely even more potent source of distraction.

The only plausible solution to the TV sound problem is the FM simulcast, not uncommon these days. On most occasions, indeed, the best part of the simulcast is that one can turn off the picture. It's good to know that this need not always be the case—let us have more from The Music Project. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

My personal joke about Woody Allen's style of comedy is that I keep going to his pictures in the vain hope of discovering what induces all the happy laughter. Like almost everyone, I admire my own sense of humor, but in the case of Allen it fails me—the best I can do is recognize that humor is intended.

Perhaps the trouble is that Allen's persona is one that irritates me. He's the smart-aleck kid who compensates for runtiness with a drumbeat of insults and a pretense of gimcrack cynicism, and who evades the consequences by insistently calling attention to his own deficiencies. Like Chaplin's tramp, Allen's smart kid is small, but he is not charming, elegant or lovable. In fact, neither are real tramps, but Chaplin made a figure of universal appeal and fun out of unpromising material. Allen plays his brat as brat, and my impulse is not to beam but to move out of the neighborhood.

Then, too, it strikes me that Allen's pictures never gain a life of their own, never take off on a parabola of skewed logic or generate any internal momentum of chain-reactive extravagance. Behind his screen I seem to see a conference room strewn with crumpled notes and empty coffee containers, where gags and effects were hammered out in exhausting sessions of brainstorming. The films look like hard work; they seem composite, not organic.

I recall a big scene from the current *Love and Death* in which fifty or so coffins standing in ranks and files upon a field open to disclose a corps of aproned waiters, who form couples and waltz. People laughed—I think because they supposed that Woody hoped they would. Then there is a passage during the Battle of Borodino when Allen takes refuge in the mouth of a cannon, which implement rolls downhill to the great danger of Russian (or French?) limbs

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and then fires, propelling our hero uninjured into a headquarters tent. The episode is expensive, but it lacks spontaneity or surprise.

As the preceding makes evident, *Love and Death* concerns the adventures of one Boris Grushenko (Allen) in the field against Napoleon and in the ballrooms, opera houses and bedrooms of the Russian aristocracy. (He also attempts to assassinate Bonaparte, but the pistol self-destructs—a not unusual sort of slapstick catastrophe). There is the standard sexy flimflam with Diane Keaton and other enticers. Under that sort of stimulation, Allen behaves somewhat like Bobby Clark, the principal difference being that Clark's enormous spectacles were painted on with grease pencil and that he was howlingly outrageous. Allen takes liberties with a thought to the family audience. A few funny lines are planted with a good deal of deliberation in the dough of the dialogue, but the standard line of joke is the delicatessen anachronism—a reference to herring being a sure-fire sidesplitter in the context of the Napoleonic invasion (or any other context for that matter: herring is universally acknowledged to be risible—like pastrami, Yonkers, brassieres, or Calvin Coolidge).

A pleasant innovation is this film is the habit of Allen and Keaton, in moments of high emotion or imminent danger, to escape into an exchange of semantic locutions that defy comprehension and shrewdly ape a current pomposity. They do it perhaps too often, but I wish the film could have maintained a level that astute.

Why then does Allen succeed so well, captivating everyone but me and a handful of fellow unbelievers? In part, I think, it is because when he drops out of character, as he frequently does, he seems a thoroughly nice fellow (many of those he emulates and imitates—W.C. Fields and Groucho Marx, for example—seem anything but nice, in character or out). So when a nice fellow like that goes to so much obvious trouble and expense to be amusing, it seems ungracious not to be amused. It's like being in a TV audience—when that ingratiating chap holds up the "laugh" sign, you laugh.

Then Allen is a very "in" comedian; his text is full of up-to-date allusions and one guffaws to show that one reads the right periodicals. And, like the bulk of his audience, he is a bit liberal, so his targets are congenial. It is all perfectly friendly, never stupid, rarely vulgar, extremely animated and entirely professional. Indeed, I think that is how one might define Allen—a skillful performer whose profession is humor. It is not the same thing as being funny—not like Harpo Marx honking his horn and leering, but then no one ever accused Harpo of seeming to be a nice fellow, though his friends say he was.

Back in the 1960s, Ulvi Dogan's *Reflections* won a special mention at the Cannes Festival, another at Venice and a Golden Bear at Berlin—all of them coveted awards, but I wonder if the picture would have been so widely honored if it were not that unusual object, a film from Turkey (and, moreover, banned by the Turks). It is a work of great integrity, but marred by the kind of earnestness, naïveté and explicit narrative development that I associate with areas where film making is not yet an established industry. In a way, it reinvents the movies, and looks at times like what was being turned out here in the 1920s.

Reflections recounts the lives of two brothers, Ossman and Hassan, and of Bahar, Hassan's delicious wife. The brothers own the only spring in their village and, one dry summer, Ossman, who is older and stronger, decides to shut off the water customarily supplied to their neighbor's fields. Hassan (played by Dogan) protests ineffectively; the neighbors protest indignantly; there is gunplay, Hassan goes to jail, Bahar is left with the loathsome Ossman. There is a happy ending, but I won't trace matters that far.

What is good about the picture are its disclosures of the landscape, manners, personalities and preoccupations of Turkish rural life. What is bad is the crude black and white of the principal characters. The plot bangs away on good and evil as though they were a couple of kettledrums, and the story unfolds at a pace so measured and righteous that it is impossible not to get ahead of it. There are flashes of visual imagination and character insight that suggest Dogan, ten years ago, was on his way to become a creditable director. I would like to see what he has done since. □

THE SHELL GATHERER

At Ocracoke, I met a woman
who stayed on long after others
had ferried to mainland winters,
leaving boats and shops slammed
against tourists
and the hungry wind.

She stayed to ferret low tides alone,
when the ocean, cleaning house,
dumps its dustpan of expendables:
dwellings whose tenants have drowned
into new lives as shark cells,
fish eyes, gull feathers.

We combed seaweed,
wondering at the nutritional value of snarls
tossed at our feet by hurricane
and tidal wave. She chose only whole shells,
cupping oceans to her ear
like Anglo-Saxon riddles,
nicknaming each conch and Scotch-bonnet,
explaining drained lives,
how the animals buffed their walls
with their bodies to get that shine.

Most were chewed by wind
and salt water, but some held like whorled opals,
as if there are skins no element can scour.
Deep in mainland freezings, I still see
the old woman, barnacled to tides and silt,
shelling a dream for the rest of us
of flesh beneath pores, of polishing
our lives from inside out
as if no elements conspired
to shake themselves clean of us.

Paula Rankin

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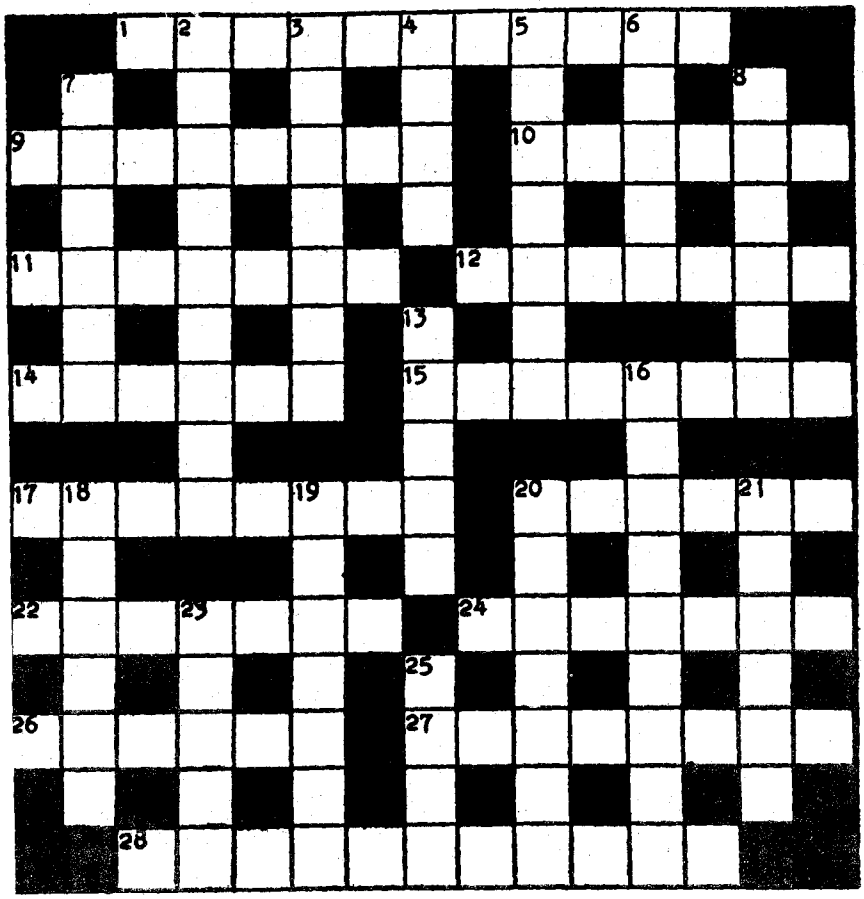
Crossword Puzzle No. 1591

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 20 across If this were so, one of them might be chow time. (5,3,3,3,3)
9 Not a wrestling throw—it's a more genteel game. (4,4)
0 If you have to, something may have been mislaid in the shuffle. (6)
1 Detains the alternative possibility? (7)
2 There's a point to what might be associated with an artist. (7)
4 An opening in a small part of the school associated with marine life? (6)
5 A petty annoyance, if Beatle-arranged. (8)
7 Tend to be wary? (4,4)
0 See 1 across
2 See 13 down down
4 Run by a poor navigator? (7)
6 The Mikado's cloth might prove false. (6)
7 Someone might read 3 to try and calm one. (8)
8 Not what Mae West intended for her invitees, though the brash are more likely to get theirs. (11)

DOWN

and 25 down A bad poet gave blues a first presentation, as a matter of course. (9,4)
3 Implying Brazilians are noted for their diplomacy, although it could be a disturbing incident. (4,3)
4 and 8 In the publishing business, do they offer this for protection? (You might, before going out, if you're worried about a suit.) (4,6)
5 Closely related to Gothic character? (7)
6 Put two and two together. (5)
7 The flower of Cadiz, in Niagara now. (6)
8 See 4 down
13 and 22 across One of the things the detective is, only? (One might not like to be such an accessory.) (5,3,4)
16 See? (9)
18 The city, as it should be about that time. (6)
19 Grow together with the current island combination. (7)
20 Tipsy with drink? That's what some Britishers get in the afternoon! (4,3)
21 The plant's yearly report, obviously. (6)
23 Some distance to travel in the north central region. (5)
25 See 2 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1590

ACROSS: 1 Champ at the bit; 10 Fortune; 11 Agrippa; 12 Tailing; 13 Hubbard; 14 Ensigns; 15 Risotto; 16 Unfiled; 20 Lockjaw; 23 Jericho; 24 Coronal; 25 Channel; 26 Tabasco; 27 Educated guess. DOWN: 2 Harries; 3 Mousing; 4 Avenges; 5 Teacher; 6 Enrobes; 7 Implant; 8 Off the subject; 9 Hard to swallow; 17 Forward; 18 Laconic; 19 Droplet; 20 Located; 21 Caribou; 22 Joneses.

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A CASE IN POINT

THE NATION MARCH 8, 1975

The Fire-Fighter's Detente
IS THIS A FOREIGN POLICY?

DAVID V. EDWARDS

The United States desperately needs a foreign policy—not a *new* foreign policy, *a* foreign policy. The recent brouhaha over the possible use of force in the Middle East to guarantee oil for the West, the fascination with Henry Kissinger's inner drives, the rush to condemn or defend our meddling in Allende's Chile, the moral exhaustion over our role in Indochina that seems unending—all these media phenomena and cocktail circuit topics seem to have prevented us from realizing that the United States no longer has a foreign policy.

In recent years, there has been growing criticism of American foreign policy—as if we had one. It is not, as some say, that American policy is bankrupt—there are no real assets left at all, but only liabilities masquerading as pieces of policy.

The responsibility lies first, of course, with the Secre-

Newsday
MARCH 31, 1975

Editorials

After Vietnam, What Foreign Policy?

For the past third of a century, American foreign policy has been defined by what it was against. During World War II it was against Nazism in Germany, fascism in Italy, imperialism in Japan. After that war, the enemy was communism wherever it reared its head: in the Soviet Union, Guatemala, Cuba, Chile, China, Berlin, Korea, Vietnam, Cambodia. But as the French scholar Raymond Aron has pointed out, "Not only the cold war, but the entire postwar era came to an end with Nixon's first term, his visits to Peking and Moscow and the winding up of the Vietnam War." The problem of American foreign policy today is that being against communism is no longer enough. Yet there's *no* consensus on what we're *for*.

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Reversals Abroad Strain U.S. Policy

By Lawrence Mosher
FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.

NEVER HAD Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger acted so hesitantly. Never did American foreign policy appear so defeated in so many parts of the world. And never did Congress appear to care so little. Or so it seemed in the nation's Capital last week.

The news was bad enough: Another Dunkirk in Da Nang. Cambodia falling. Portugal going Communist. Mideast diplomacy in shreds. And over it all hung this question: Are these the signs of a floundering America, or are they the painful

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